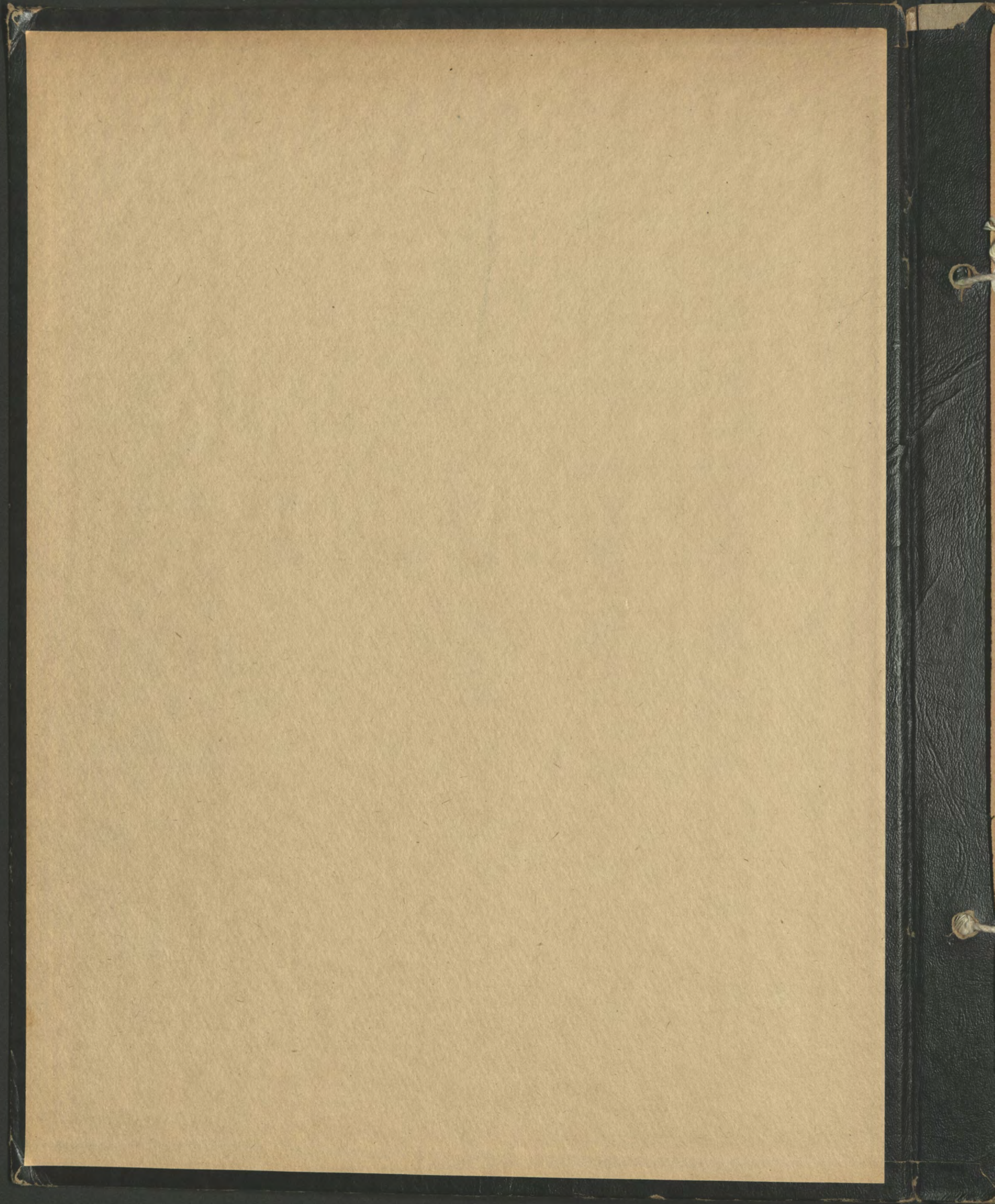


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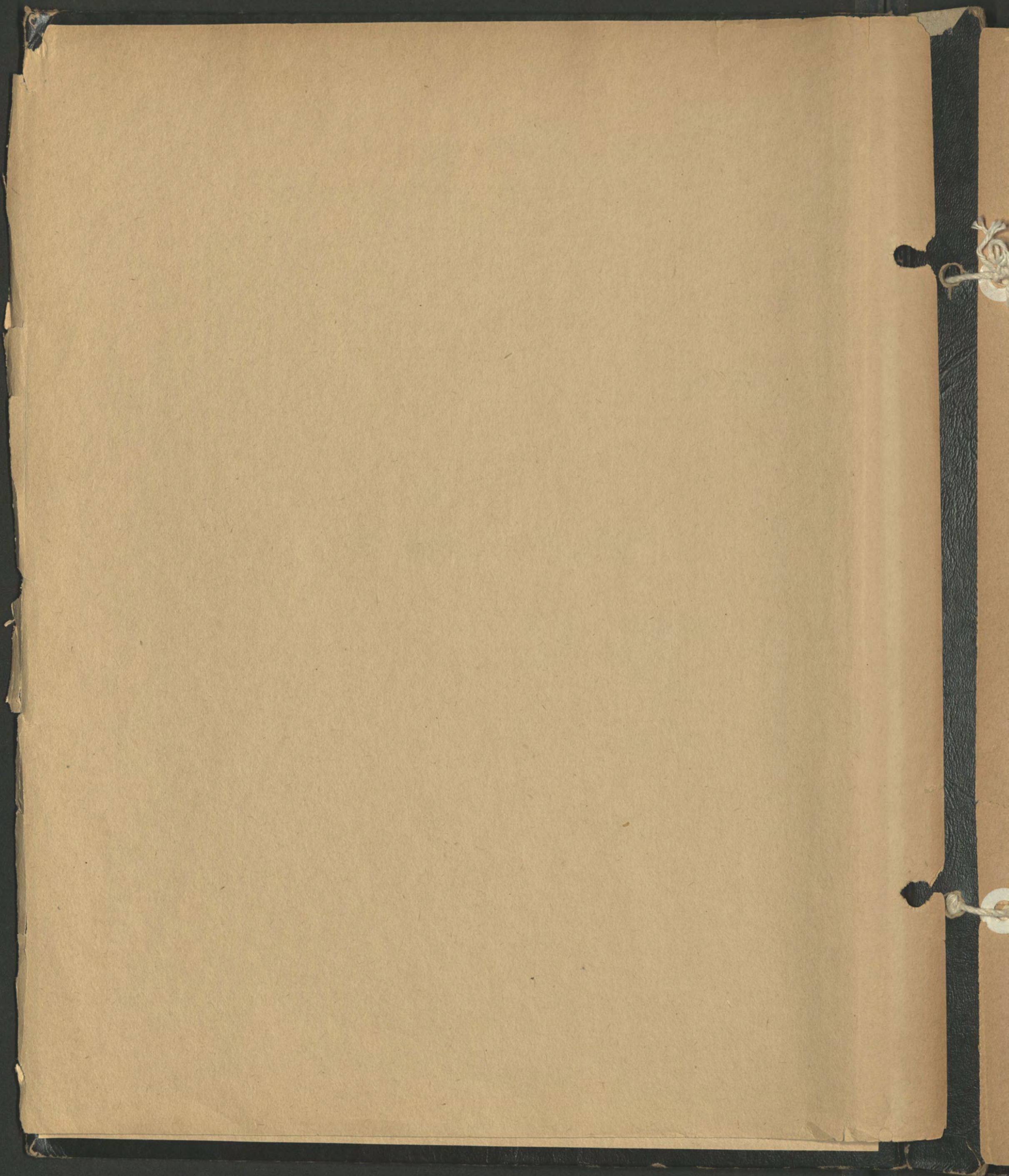




Grace Brown Gardner

THE NANTUCKET INDIANS.







# THE NANTUCKET INDIANS.

By R. A. Douglas-Lithgow, M. D., LL. D.

The consensus of modern scientific opinion favors the belief that the so-called American-Indian race represents the autochthonous people or aborigines of the great American Continent. Referring to the origin of the American Indians, Professor Pritchard says: "The era of their existence as a distinct and insulated race must probably be dated as far back as that time which separated into nations the inhabitants of the Old World, and gave to each branch of the human family its primitive language and individuality." The origin of the Amerinds of America has still to be sought amid the sources of the various races of mankind from primeval times.

The Indian tribes of New England belonged to the great Algonquian Confederacy—the most widely extended of all the North American Indians—their territory stretching along the Atlantic coast from Labrador to Pamlico sound, and westward, from Newfoundland to the Rocky Mountains.

The three principal Massachusetts tribes were the Massachusetts or Naticks, the Nipmucks, and the Wampanoags, the latter under the dominance of Massasoit when the Pilgrims arrived, and, at that time, the third greatest nation in New England.

With regard to the primeval discovery of the island of Nantucket by the Indians the following legend is interesting, (as all legends are), and it was related by the aborigines to the early English settlers, soon after their arrival:

"In former times, a good many moons ago, a bird, extraordinary for its size, used often to visit the south shore of Cape Cod, and carry from thence in its talons a vast number of small children. Maushope, who was an Indian giant, as fame reports, resided in these parts. Enraged at the havoc among the children, he, on a certain time, waded into the sea in pursuit of the bird, till he had crossed the sound, and reached Nantucket. Before Maushope forded the sound, the island was unknown to the red men. Maushope found the bones of the children in a heap under a large tree. He, then, wishing to smoke his pipe, ransacked the island for tobacco; but finding none, he filled his pipe with poke—a weed which the Indians sometimes used as a substitute.

"Ever since this memorable event, fogs have been frequent on the Cape. In allusion to this tradition, when the aborigines observed a fog rising, they would say, 'There comes old Maushope's smoke.' (Here the legend unfortunately ends.)

The island of Nantucket, when first settled by the whites, was occupied by two tribes whose names have not been preserved. One occupied the west end of the island, and was supposed to have come from the mainland by way of Martha's Vineyard. The other lived at the east end, and is said to have come direct from the mainland. The two tribes were independent and were, at a time, hostile to each other. The tribe which came from Martha's Vineyard was subject to the Wampanoags.\*\*

\*\* "Hand-Book of American Indians," Vol. II, p. 26.

When the original discovery of the island of Nantucket was made by foreigners is still a moot point, many writers alleging that two hardy Norsemen, Bjorne Herjulfson, in A. D. 986, and Leif Ericsson, in A. D. 1000, during their respective voyages, had both sighted the New England coast, and that Leif had visited Nantucket, and bestowed upon it the name of Nauticon. If this is probable, it is equally probable that the name Nauticon was merely a Norse approximation to the original Indian name of the island, viz: *Natocket*†. It is now generally believed, however, that neither of these navigators got nearer to the New England coast than Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, although there is much to be said on both sides of the question.

† H. B. Worth: Nantucket Hist. Asso., Vol. 11, Bull. 6, p. 293.

With regard to "Vinland", which Leif Ericsson is said to have visited on his way to Greenland, a circumstantial account of his voyaging is given in the Norse saga—the *Flateyrbok* and the *Hauksbok*. These accounts were subsequently confirmed by Adam of Bremen, in his *History of the Bremen Church*, etc., and in the MSS. of numerous historians, from the eleventh to the fifteenth century; but the conjecture is not adequately substantiated by facts to warrant a conclusion, and it seems impossible in this age to divest the ancient story from the cloud of myth and mystery which surrounds it.

It seems strange, nevertheless, that the name Nautican is that applied to Nantucket island by Sir Ferdinand Gorges (circa 1630), and Nautican in Hough's book, under the date 1641.

John Cabot, the navigator—of Italian birth—settled in Bristol, England, in the time of Henry VII., and he obtained a patent from the King "for the purpose of discovering unknown lands in the eastern, western and northern seas." His son Sebastian accompanied him, and in 1497-1498, they cruised along the coast of America from Florida to Labrador. The claim of the English Government to Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard and the Elizabeth Islands was based upon these voyages of the Cabots.

Nantucket, however, looms out of mythland and into genuine history, when, in June or July, 1602, Bartholomew Gosnold, an English mariner, landed upon its shore at Sankaty Head, when he, and some thirty sailors, were en route for Virginia, seeking a new plantation.

In May, 1605, Captain Weymouth is said to have "become entangled among the Nantucket Shoals"†, and in 1620 Captain Dermer certainly visited the island.

† Drake's Nooks and Corners of New England, p. 324.

In approaching the consideration of the Nantucket Indians, the following beautiful legend\* cannot be passed over in silence, as it reveals the fact that self-sacrifice and the tender passion are not limited in their influence to any race or color, but are the hallowed heritage of mankind. Such a record deserves a foremost place in any associated local history. The incident referred to is supposed to have occurred about 1630, or, as Dr. Ewer suggested, about thirty years before the arrival of the white men.

\* A worthy poetic setting of this legend was published by "The Inquirer and Mirror" nearly forty years ago, from the pen of Miss Charlotte P. Baxter. It was republished in the "Inquirer" of January 21st, 1911, and the poetic quotations in this preface have been taken from it.

Wauwinet was the sage and beloved Sachem of the Northeastern section of the Island. He had one daughter, Wonoma,—

"The loveliest and the gentlest."

and they were devoted to each other.

"Well she knew the art of healing;  
Skilled was she in all the uses  
Of the herbs that grew around them,  
And whenever from the waters  
Spoke the voice of the Great Spirit,  
She could tell unto her people  
What the words were, and the meaning."

Fever had broken out among the natives of the southwestern section of the island, which was under the dominance of the Chief Autopsot, and he feared that his people would be swept away by the rapid spread of the pestilence. In his extremity he thought of the fair and graceful Wonoma, Wauwinet's daughter, and knowing she possessed the knowledge of a great medicine-man, he despatched one of his maidens, named Wosoka, to speed to Wonoma,—

"Praying her to come and save them,  
From the cruel, blasting Fever."

Wonoma, always delighting to do good, accompanied the little maid back to her stricken people, and, in a little time, the plague was stayed, and she healed and comforted those who would have died but for her skillful and kindly help. By her skill, her winsomeness and her sympathy she won the hearts of all the natives, and, when the time of her departure came, they begged her to remain with them, so that they might show their gratitude.

"For the boon of Life She gave them."

Then the brave Autopsot pleaded, not only for his people, but for himself, that she should not go from them, and he ended by eloquently and fervently declaring his love for her; and Wonoma, deeply touched, smilingly replied:—

"That because She loved his people  
But more truly loved their leader,  
She would come again among them,—  
Come again to go not from them."

Later, the friendly and fraternal feeling which had long existed between the tribes of Wauwinet and Autopsot gradually changed to feelings of anger and hatred in consequence of some petty differences as to the dividing line



between their respective territories. A feud was generated and bloodshed was threatened between the contending parties. Wauwinet and his braves, in solemn council, had agreed upon a subtle plan for overcoming their enemies; but Wonoma had overheard the deliberations of the war-council, and resolved to save her lover at all hazards. When her people were asleep she stole out of her wigwam, and, securing a canoe, rowed through the darkness, with a prayer in her heart to the Father of all mercies that she might be enabled to save him who was now dearer to her than even her own people. Over sea and land she hurried on, her feet bleeding and weary, and when she arrived at her destination, she was completely exhausted. When she had found him whom her heart desired, she told him what she had heard, and leaving her in charge of some of the maidens to rest, Autopscot called his people together, and bade them to be prepared to receive the enemy on the morrow.

When, next day, Wauwinet and his braves proceeded to attack the enemy unawares, and found them armed and ready to receive them, instead of unprepared as he had expected, he simply turned around, and, with his warriors retraced his footsteps to his own possessions.

On the following evening, as Wauwinet stood in deep thought at the door of his wigwam, an oncoming footstep aroused him, and, bending courteously, Autopscot stood before him, and thus addressed the father of his love:

Oh, my father! Oh, most noble!  
Dark have been the days about us,  
And still darker have the nights been;—  
In our hearts the darkest hatred;  
Hear me speak, Oh mighty father!  
For the love I bear Wonoma,—  
For the sake of both our people,  
May there not be peace between us?

Wauwinet's brow was clouded with anger as Autopscot spoke, but gradually the frown relaxed, and when the brave young chief had finished, the elder was silent for a time, and thus replied in tones of friendly feeling:—

\*\*\*\*\* (Oh, my son Autopscot,  
Great has been the lesson taught me,  
That I, myself, am not almighty,—  
That there is a power beyond me,  
Unto which I have to yield me.  
Great the love I bear Wonoma,  
And if she so truly loves you,  
There should only be between us  
Words and thoughts that are most friendly."

When Wauwinet had thus spoken, the two chiefs grasped each other by the hand in mutual affection, and, before they parted, the amicably arranged between them the land which had caused their dispute, and while pledging themselves to enduring peace, Wauwinet gladly sanctioned the union of Wonoma and Autopscot. From that day to this Peace has reigned over and blessed the island of Nantucket.

#### THE SETTLEMENT AND THE NATIVES.

The story of the transfer of the Island of Nantucket from the English Government to Thomas Mayhew, and from him and the Indians to the white settlers, has so often been told that a mere summary is all that is required here, in order to preserve the continuity of the narrative.

Nantucket was included in the Royal grant to Plymouth Company in 1621, and Lord Stirling and Sir Ferdinand Gorges were the Commissioners deputed to promote the colonization of the territory, including the islands south of Cape Cod.

Lord Stirling appointed James Forrett as his agent in New York for the sale or other disposal of the Colony, and Forrett sold the island of Nantucket, in 1641, (when it was under the jurisdiction of the Province of New York), to Thomas Mayhew, an Englishman, who emigrated to New England in 1631, and who first settled at Watertown. Mayhew not only purchased Nantucket, and the adjacent islands, but became a part proprietor of Martha's Vineyard and Governor of that island. He is said to have been a good colonizer—always a friend to the Indians—and was the means of preventing them from engaging in Philip's war. He founded Edgartown in 1647, and from him were descended numerous missionaries to the Indians, amongst whom they had much influence, and spoke the Indian language fluently.

The islands remained in the possession of the Mayhews (father and son), until 1659, when they were transferred to ten purchasers, including Mayhew himself, (as he reserved to himself and his heirs one-twentieth part of the property for his own use.)

From a reliable genealogy of the Coffin family\* it appears that in the spring of 1659 "Tristram Coffin proceeded upon a voyage of inquiry and observation—first to Martha's Vineyard where he secured Peter Folger, the grandfather of Benjamin Franklin, as an interpreter of the Indian language; and thence to Nantucket, his object being to ascertain the temper and disposition of the Indians, and the capabilities of the island, so that he might report to the citizens of Salisbury what inducements for emigration thither were offered."

\* Vide Godfrey's Island of Nantucket, p. 169.

He was evidently impressed favorably by what he saw and heard, for, when he returned to Salisbury, Mass., a company was formed, and the purchase of the island determined. In the autumn of 1659 Thomas Macy, Edward Starbuck, James Coffin, Isaac Coleman and some of their wives and children sailed in an open boat for Nantucket, where they arrived safely, and spent the winter of 1659-60 on the island.

In July, 1660, Starbuck returned to Salisbury and Amesbury, and induced a number of families to accompany him back to Nantucket, and as time went on the little colony received numerous additions.\*

\* Most, if not all, of the English settlers came from Salisbury, Mass., and its neighborhood.

Each of the original colonists was permitted to name an associate, so that the island was primarily divided into twenty shares, and as these were anxious to add to their number, and to induce artisans and mechanics to come among them, the number of shares was ultimately increased to twenty-seven, these including the entire island, with the exception of the "common" land, and that reserved by Mr. Mayhew for his own use.\*\*

\*\* For copies of Mr. Mayhew's deeds Vide Macy's History of Nantucket.

During the next hundred years—say from 1664 to 1774—the records contain the many transfers of lots of land deeded by the Indians to the English, until, indeed, the entire island became the property of the white settlers.

Before the legal purchase of the island could be ratified, it was necessary to secure the sanction of the representative Indian chiefs and this was duly obtained as appears from the following deed, dated May 10th, 1660:—

#### SACHEMS' DEED OF NANTUCKET.

These presents witness, May the tenth, sixteen hundred and sixty, that we, Wanackmamack and Nickanoose, head Sachems of Nantucket island, do give, grant, bargain, and sell unto Mr. Thomas Mayhew of Marthas Vineyard, Tristram Coffin, Senior, Thomas Macy, Christopher Hussey, Richard Swain, Peter Coffin, Stephen Greenleaf, Thomas Barnard, John Swain and William Pile, all the Land, Meadow, Marshes, Timber and Wood, and all appurtenances thereunto belonging, and being and lying from the west end of the island of Nantucket, unto the Pond, called by the Indians, Waqutuquab, and from the head of that Pond, upon a straight line, unto the Pond situated by Monomoy Harbor or Creek, now called Wheeler's Creek, and so from the northeast corner of the said Pond to the sea, that is to say, all the right that we, the aforesaid Sachems have in the said tract of land, provided that none of the Indian Inhabitants, in or about the woodland, or whatsoever Indians, within the last purchase of land, from the head of the Pond to Monomoy Harbor, shall be removed without full satisfaction. And we, the aforesaid Sachems, do give, grant, bargain and sell, the one-half of the remainder of the meadows and marshes upon all other parts of the Island. And also that the English people shall have what grass they shall need for to mow, out of the remainder of the meadows and marshes on the Island, so long as the English remain upon the Island, and also free liberty for timber and wood upon any part of the Island within the jurisdiction. And also, we, the aforesaid Sachems, do full grant free liberty to the English for the feeding all sorts of cattle on any part of the Island, after Indian Harvest is ended until planting time, or until the first day of May, from year to year forever, for and in consideration of twelve pounds already paid, and fourteen pounds to be paid within three months after the date hereof.

To have and to hold the aforesaid purchase of land, and other appurtenances, as aforementioned, to them, Mr. Thomas Macy, Tristram Coffin, Thomas Mayhew, and the



rest aforementioned, and their heirs and assigns forever.  
In witness whereof, we the said Sachems, have hereunto set our hands and seals, the day and year above written.

The sign of Wanackmamack [S]  
The sign of Nickanoose [S]

Signed, sealed and delivered, in the presence of us  
Peter Folger,  
Felix Kuttashamaquat,  
Edward Starbuck.

I do witness this deed to be a true deed, according to the interpretation of Felix the interpreter; also I heard Wanackmamack, but two weeks ago, say that the sale made by Nickanoose and he should be good, and that they would do so, whatever comes of it.

Witness my hand, this 17th day of first month, 1664.

PETER FOLGER.

Witness: Mary Starbuck.

The mark of John (I. C.) Coffin.

Wanackmamack and Nickanoose acknowledge the above written to be their act and deed, in the presence of the General Court, this 12th of June, 1667, as attest.

MATTHEW MAYHEW,  
Secretary to the General Court.

It is rather curious that this deed, although duly witnessed on May 10th, 1660, was not confirmed by Peter Folger until January first, 1664, and did not receive official attestation by the Secretary of the General Court until the 12th of June, 1677.

This deed purchased the island from the original patentee and a greater part of it from the Indians, and the English are said to have paid £26 for it. Almost a year before the execution of the above deed, however, what is known as "The First Indian Deed" was executed by Nickanoose and Nanahuma on June 20th, 1659. It is as follows:

"This doth witness that we Nickanoose of Nantucket, Sachem, and Nanahuma of Nantucket, Sachem, have sold unto Thomas Mayhew of the Vineyard the plain at the west end of Nantucket that is according to the figure under written, to him and his heirs and assigns forever. In consideration whereof we have received by earnest of the said Thomas Mayhew the sum of twelve pounds. Also the said Sachems have sold the said Mayhew of the Vineyard the use of the meadow and to take wood for the use of him, the said Mayhew, his heirs and assigns forever.

In witness hereof, we the Sachems aforesaid have hereunto set our hands this 20th of June, 1659.

The said Acamy lyeth north and by east, and south by west or near it."

NICKANOOSE, + (his mark.)  
NANAHUMA, x (his mark.)

Witness hereunto:

Mr. Harry,  
John Coleman,  
Thomas Macy,  
Tristram Coffin.

I shall refer more particularly to this deed presently.

As an example of further deeds the following may be quoted.

January 5th, 1660, Nickanoose out of free voluntary love for Edward Starbuck gave him "Coretue", which was reassigned by Edward Starbuck, August 30th, 1668.

May 10th, 1660, Wanackmamack and Nicornoose, Head Sachems of Nantucket, sold unto the first purchasers between west end of island and pond called by the Indians Waquutuquah (Waquittaquah)—then on a straight line to pond by Monomoy harbour; also half of remainder of meadows and marshes on all other parts of the island.

Witnessed by Peter Folger, Edward Starbuck and Felix Kuttashamaquat.

June 22d, 1662, Wanackmamack signed a deed conveying a neck of land in the eastern section of the island known as Pocomo Neck. This was witnessed by the younger Wauwinet, son of Nickanoose and by Peter Folger. The purchase was made by Tristram Coffin and Thomas Macy.

February 20th, 1661, Wanackmamack, Head Sachem, sold the west half of Nantucket.\*

November 18th, 1671, shows that Tristram Coffin bought of Wanackmamack and Nicornoose from Monomoy to Waquittaquah pond, Namahumack Neck, and all from Wesco to the West end of Nantucket.

June 20th, 1682, Deed of Nicornoose, Sachem, to James Coffin, William Worth and John Swain—the grass and herbage of all his lands from Indian harvest to first of May.

And thus the land sales go on, until 1774, when the sachems and Indians had virtually sold every spot in their possession to the English.

As Mr. H. B. Worth aptly points out, "Nickanoose signed deeds only of territory belonging to some other sachem; the fact is true of Wanackmamack. Neither signed a deed of any portion of the territory under his direct control. The Sachem Attapehat (Autopscot), as far as has been found never signed any deed."

I can only account for these facts, by assuming that these Chief Sachems thought it beneath their dignity to sign deeds conveying their own property, while, at the same time they permitted no deeds to be signed without their approval and attestation. This may appear a lame suggestion, but it is the best I can offer.

The Provincial Governor of New York in 1671, (Lord Lovelace), thought it desirable to obtain a new deed from the Sachems, attesting the legality of the land sales, and an assurance that the stipulated terms had been duly complied with, before issuing a new patent. The necessary proofs were furnished in that year by Wanack Mamack the Chief Sachem.

It may be stated here that Mr. Thomas Mayhew,—the original purchaser of the island, had acquired a good knowledge of the Indian language in association with the Indians of the more western island; and that Peter Folger who also resided at Martha's Vineyard, was, in 1663, engaged by Tristram Coffin as interpreter, and to officiate in Nantucket, as miller, weaver and surveyor.

What has been written thus far will, it is hoped, serve to illustrate the conditions under which the white settlers became established on Nantucket, and I now propose to deal briefly with the Indians whom they found there on their arrival. It may be noted that the names of many of the original white settlers are perpetuated in teeming numbers among the inhabitants of Nantucket until the present day.

With regard to the number of Indians occupying the island when the whites arrived the statements vary considerably, some writers alleging 3000, others 1500, and some still less. There is some difficulty in forming a correct estimate, but it is known as a fact that they only numbered about 360 before they became victims to the epidemic which destroyed so many of them.

When Nantucket was purchased by the colonists in 1653, there were two Chief Sachems Wanackmamack and Nicornoose (acting probably for Wauwinet), and at least two other Sachems, Autopscot (or Attapehat, and Potconet—besides a few petty Sachems—governing all the Indians on Nantucket and Tuckernuck. It may be assumed that at this time Wauwinet was old and feeble, and that his eldest son, known as Nicornoose, acted as his deputy, inasmuch as among several of the earliest deeds we find Nicornoose signing as Sachem, and there are no signatures by his father. Mr. Zaccheus Macy, in his valuable letter to the Massachusetts Historical Society, dated October 2d, 1792 \* mentions Wauwinet as living when the settlers arrived, but alludes to him as "the old Sachem."

\* Vide Macy's History of Nantucket.

Among the Indian tribes there were generally one or two Sachems who controlled all the others. These were known as Chief or Head Sachems, and they exercised absolute control. Such in Nantucket were Wanackmamack and Wauwinet or his son and successor, Nicornoose.

According to Zaccheus Macy, Wanackmamack's territory represented the southeast of the island and was bounded by a line running from Toupchue pond in the south, northward, roughly to Gibbs' pond, and so over toward Podpis swamp, and then eastward to Sesacacha pond.\*

\* These, and the boundaries of the other Sachems' property are clearly delineated on Dr. Ewer's map of Nantucket.

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Wanackmamack had one son, Saucoauso or Jephtha, who married Eastor.

Saucoauso had two sons, Cain and Abel.

Cain had one daughter, Jemima, who married James Shay, Shea or Shaa.

Abel had two sons, Ben Abel and Eben Abel.

Wanackmamack died before June 9th, 1682, because his son, Saucoauso, on this date, "having understood that his father Wanackmamack now deceased, had granted (to) English pasturage on east end of island, also sells same."

Wauwinet's boundary-line adjoined that of Wanackmamack on the north, extending due north to Coatue and Nauma, westward to Wesco (now Nantucket), and hence, almost due south to Weeweder pond.

Wauwinet had two sons, Isaac or Nicornoose, and Wau-pordongga, and one daughter, Wonoma, who married Autopscot.

Nicornoose had two sons, Joshua and Isaac Wauwinet, and one daughter, Askommopoo, by his wife. Askommopoo married Spoospotswa, known as "Spotso."

Nicornoose forsook his wife and, by another woman, had two sons, Wat and Paul Noose.

Joshua Nicornoose was so disgusted by his father's leaving his mother that he left home altogether, and did not return until after an absence of over 50 years, when he claimed his inheritance and after some delay, it was restored to him.

Autopscot's jurisdiction extended over the southwest of the island from Weeweder pond northerly to Monomoy, and then westward to the Popsquatchet hills and to Hummock pond.

Autopscot had a son, Harry Poritain, or Beretan, by Wonoma, his wife, who was the daughter of Wauwinet.

Harry Poritain had a son named Isaac Masauquet.

Masauquet had a son named Peter.

Peter had a son known as Lame Isaac, who ceded the last rights of his sachemdom.

Autopscot had also grandchildren named Tashama, of whom more anon.

Potconet's (or Pottacohannet's) dominions are uncertain, and there is some doubt as to their limitations. It is at least certain that he was Sachem of the adjacent island of Tuckernuck, but Zaccheus Macy, in his well known letter, states that his bounds extended from Madaket down eastward to Wesco and Capaum pond, thus lying north of Autopscot's possessions, and that they also included the western coast. Moreover, Dr. Ewer's map,—probably based upon the information supplied by Macy—delineates the northwestern section of the island as having belonged to Potconet; but no proof is in evidence, and although it seems reasonable to suppose that some sachem must have represented this section of the island, no deed has been found to cover it. Macy also asserts that Potconet sold all his rights to the English settlers, save those reserved and secured to some of the old natives, known as the Hoights and Jafets—in the neighborhood of Wannacomet or Capaum pond.

Be this as it may, from a foot-note to Hough's *Nantucket Papers*, it appears that, on February 20th, 1661, Wanackmamack, Head-Chief of Nantucket, sold to Tristram Coffin, Sr., Peter Coffin, Tristram Coffin, Jr., and James Coffin, for £10, half of the island of Tuckernuck—one half down, and the other, when Thomas Mayhew decides who is the proper owner.

Potconet, or Pottacohannet had two sons, Akeamong, or Akeiman, and Jacob.

Why did neither of these sons claim his rights until 1672—a period of 11 years? Was Potconet living in 1661? These questions have still to be answered, although I have unsuccessfully sought in every direction for a satisfactory reply.

In the Registry of Nantucket Deeds, under date June 20, 1672, is the following entry: "Ahkeiman laying claim to part of Tuckanuck his claim thereto is found no other but as he was a duke or principal man upon Nantucket; the Nantucket Sachems, together with his father, having sold Tuckanuck, it is ordered that he shall have such a part or

portion of land for his use at Nantucket of the present Sachems as will become one of such quality, and a portion of the whales."

On page 211 of the Book of Town Records, dated March, 1681, there is a record of a bargain between James Coffin, Peter Coffin, John Coffin, and Stephen Coffin, and Akeamong and Jacob, sons of Pottacohannet (Potconet), concerning Tuckanuckett, said Akeamong and Jacob claiming half of it. The said Coffins having delivered them 40 acres arable land on Nantucket and £5, and disclaiming any right to any whale, the said Akeamong and Jacob renounce any claim to any part of Tuckernuck, reserving liberty to save their whale that may come ashore.

To this is affixed the marks of Akeamong and Jacob, James Coffin and Stephen Coffin, 6th of March, 1681.

Witnessed by William Worth and Richard Pincom (Pinkham), and acknowledged on the same date before William Worth, magistrate.

It does not appear, however, why the order of the Court made in 1672, was not carried out until 1681—a period of nine years.

Potconet must therefore, have died before March 6th, 1681, or his sons could not have made the above agreement; if, indeed, he was not dead before 1672, when Akeamong made his first claim.

Some confusion has arisen as to the standing of Nanahuma, who signed the first Indian deed with Nickanoose. Mr. H. Barnard Worth\* says: . . . "They (the English) obtained a deed, dated June 20th, 1659, from the Sachems Nickanoose and Nanahuma, of a tract comprising the section of Nantucket west of Hummock Pond."\*\* George Nanahuma was the sachem of the Indians that lived in this section but Nickanoose held some sway over him, and joined in the conveyance." With this I am in perfect accord with the exception of Mr. Worth's using the definite instead of the indefinite article, as indicated in boldface in the above quotation. I believe that it should read thus: "Comprising a section of Nantucket west of Hummock Pond"; and further, "George Nanahuma was a sachem of the Indians, etc." The force of this will be seen presently.

\* Bulletin 3, Vol. II, p. 112. Nantucket Historical Association's Publications.

\*\*The western half of Nantucket was sold by Wanackmamack, February 20th, 1661.

There is no deed to prove who was the legitimate sachem, if any existed, of the Western section of Nantucket, but a section west of Hummock pond apparently belonged to Nanahuma, viz: the neck which bears his name, part of the woods to the north of it, and he possibly may have had a proprietary interest in the large plain further west. I think this view is borne out in the "first Indian Deed."

In this deed "the plain" is evidently immediately west of Nanahuma's Neck from the use of the word Acamy in the deed ("on the other side of the water"), and its locality is further fixed by the description of its position, which agrees almost mathematically with its exact actual position. \* I am sorry to differ from Mr. Worth when he says: "the deed of Nanahuma indicates that at the time he was sachem over the west end of Nantucket." It might as truly be said that the co-signer was sachem over the west end of Nantucket, which we know he never was

\* Vide Ewer's Map.

I believe that Nanahuma was a subsidiary or petty local sachem, tributary to Nickanoose, and that all the property he owned as a sachem was restricted within the limitations already indicated. This is confirmed by his only subsequent deed, dated June 24th, 1678, by which he disposes of "all his interest in the West plains, and to the Neck or long woods" to the English. Besides, according to the delimitation of the other Sachems as already given, none of them interfered with those just mentioned as belonging to Nanahuma.

over



Indeed, it is doubtful whether Nanahuma at this time owned the Neck which bore his name, for, on July 4th, 1664, "all the fields belonging to the Neck" were sold to the English by Pakapanessa, Jonas Kimmo and Harry, son of Wapakowet, who were probably residents of the identical "plain" which was sold by Nanahuma in 1659. Moreover, in 1667, we find Nanahuma associated with "Mr. Larry Ahkeramo" and Obadiah in a plea to the Court that "whereas the sachems had sold the ground they formerly lived on to the English, the said sachems would not entertain them on the land unsold." Curiously enough, in 1678, we find George Nanahuma, alias Cowpohanet, selling to the English "all his interest in the West plains, and to the Neck or long woods." There, verily, seems to have been a joint stock company in these lands!

If Potconet had no jurisdiction over the northwest section of Nantucket, and if no evidence is in existence as to any other sachem holding predominant rights over it, may it not be suggested that it was mainly divided up into re-allotments for the Indians who were dispossessed by the requirements of the whites, and over whom subsidiary sachems or sagamores were appointed, of whom there were several? Of course, this is a mere suggestion.

We talk glibly and deprecatingly of the poor Indians as "mere savages", but the annals of American history afford but few instances of really nobler men than Massasoit, Passaconaway, Samoset, and Wanackmamack, the controlling Head Sachem of Nantucket. Had it not been for the personal high qualities of such men New England might not have occupied today the proud position which she now holds among the United States.

The venerable Chief Wanackmamack was not only the pride and glory of his insular braves, but the tried, true and loyal friend of the English immigrants. He was as kind-hearted and judicious as he was courageous and high principled, and he governed his home-land so ably and satisfactorily as to justify his memory in history as an exemplary ruler.

Of Wauwinet little is known but that he was very old and much respected when the settlers arrived, and nothing, so far as I have been able to ascertain, has been said against him.

Nicornoose, his eldest son and successor, has not a good record, as he deserted his wife and children, and had two children by another woman.

Beyond the fact that Autopscoot was called "a great warrior and got his land by his bow", and that he permanently established peace throughout the island, little further is recorded of him. Nor does history mention anything concerning Potconet, the sachem ruling the proximate western islands, with the exception of a record of the sale of his lands to the settlers, in 1659. Such were the rulers of Nantucket when the settlers arrived.

What a revelation the incoming of the whites must have been to the red men, who had lived on the island, probably from a very early age, among their own people, under their own laws, perpetuating their own habits and customs—living close to Nature—for the most part in peace and amity—simple in their lives, and knowing nothing, caring nothing for the external world beyond them!

Yet, on the arrival of the new people who had come to supplant them, they received them amicably, treated them justly, and as they treated one another, relying upon what they recognized as the instinctive and inalienable principles of humanity to govern their relationships and to promote the mutual good and harmony of all. I cannot stop to inquire who first took advantage of the racial differences which distinguished these two peoples, or how the greater intellectuality and experience of the one eventually overcame the other, but Time tells the story; and today, while the whites glory in the beauties of, and the opportunities afforded by their island home, where are the poor Indians, the aborigines? All gone—melted away like dew-drops in the sun, and not even one remains to tell the story of their past history!

The number of settlers who had arrived from Salisbury in 1660 and 1661 soon began to make themselves comfortable in their new and strange environment, while the Indians could not but admire the novel type of dwelling houses which the new-comers had set up in strange contrast with the humble wigwams of the aborigines; indeed the new procedure which was being introduced in many directions must have caused them much surprise.

For a time the English and the Indians—the civilized and the uncivilized—worked together amicably for the agricultural development of the island. Together they cleared and tilled the land (for the most part existing as a primeval wilderness), settling the allotments, cutting down the timber, which is said to have almost covered the island, and mutually performing the numerous farming operations involved in the reclamation and cultivation of the soil. In addition to farming they engaged also in fishing, in which art the natives were expert. Much time was also devoted to the raising of sheep, and thus while mutual forbearance was exercised, mutual trust was generated, and while the settlers acted faithfully and justly with the Indians, the latter were equally loyal in the discharge of their duties in their new relationships.

When King Philip visited the island in 1665 and tried to induce the natives to join in his contemplated war with the English, they emphatically refused to do so, expressing themselves as perfectly satisfied and desiring to be at peace with the whites. Indeed, at a town meeting, on October 10th, 1665, Attaychat (Autopscoot) "signified that himself with all the Tomokommoth Indians subject to the English Government in Nantucket, acknowledge subjection to King Charles II. This was done in the presence of Metacomet, alias Philip, Sachem of Mount Hop."

Unfortunately, civilization has too often brought in its wake habits and customs which have ever proved degenerative, if not destructive to the uncivilized races of the earth, and so they proved to the Indians, who were sober, industrious, and happy before the settlers introduced among them the iniquitous "fire-water," to the abuse of which they fell a prey. Acting under its pernicious influence, their primitive instincts were aroused within them, and never afterwards were they the same people. Discontent soon spread among them, and litigation in the Courts—to which they had equal access with the whites—became so very frequent that the records extend from 1673 to 1754.

I do not say that alcohol was at the bottom of all these cases, but that it made the natives excitable, litigious and dissatisfied I avow, without any reference to the misconduct and crime which it often prompted, and which frequently resulted from its influence. In many cases they found that the Courts decided against them, and they became discouraged. Moreover, they were astounded at the fastly-increasing number of whites on the island (so that offensive measures were out of the question), and as a matter of fact they never could be made to understand that the execution of a sale-deed of their property involved its absolute surrender to the purchaser, however many attempts they made to regain their land.

Mr. Thomas Macy wrote a forceful letter to the Governor, in May, 1676, as to the pernicious effects of drink upon the natives, but every effort made to mitigate the evil by legislative measures failed; the natives who craved for it would sacrifice all they possessed, and one way and another, they generally found means of obtaining it. Fines and whipping were the modes inflicted for drunkenness and misdemeanors, but the death-penalty was never exacted except in cases of deliberate murder. It is recorded that, between 1704 and 1769, ten natives were executed for capital crimes.\*

\* Obed Macy; opus cit.



In thus alluding to the misconduct of the natives I am merely mentioning facts which I should have preferred to pass over, but in justice to their memory it must be said that perhaps the majority of them were exemplary in their lives—many of them pious—and good steady husbandmen and craftsmen. As a race they have been much misrepresented, and if revengeful, it was only when their subduers had treated them cruelly or unjustly.

Spirited efforts had been made to introduce Christianity among the natives, and the results on Nantucket were probably more successful than in any other section of New England. Thus, Barber (in his *Historical Collections*, page 448) says: "Soon after the English had settled on the island, attempts were made to convert the Indians to the faith of the Gospel, and, in course of years, all of them became nominal Christians."

Soon after 1680, all the old Sachems, who were alive when the English arrived had passed away, and their successors reigned in their stead.

As Macy says: "The Indians were instructed in the mode of fishing practised by the whites, and, in return, the whites were assisted by the Indians in pursuing the business." Another writer says: "There is no doubt that the Natick Indians hunted the whale in canoes, in a manner somewhat similar to that practised today by the Bow-Meaders of the north coast of Siberia." Moreover, I have been personally informed by a gentleman of much culture and experience who knows as much about the Nantucket Whaling industry as any man now alive, that "hunting the whale was well-known and long practised by the Nantucket Indians." If any further evidence is deemed necessary it may be found in the following quotation from *Weymouth's Voyage*: "One especial thing in their manner of killing a whale which they (the Indians) call *powdawe*, and will describe his form, how he bloweth up the water, and that he is twelve fathoms long, and that they go in company with their King, with a multitude of their boats, and strike him with a bone made in the fashion of a harp-iron, fastened to a rope, which they make great and strong of the bark of trees which they veer out after him; that all their boats come about him, and as he riseth above water, with their arrows they shoot him to death. When they have killed him and dragged him to shore, they call all their chief lords together, and sing a song of joy, and these chief lords, whom they call sagamores, divide the spoil and give to every man a share; which pieces so distributed they hang up about their houses for provision, and when they boil them they blow off the fat, and put in their pease, maize and other pulse which they eat."

There can be no doubt that the Nantucket Indians not only joined gladly in the chase of whales, but that they were fully as dexterous as the whites, not only in securing, but in dealing with the carcasses afterwards.

The year 1763-4 was, indeed, a sad one for the Indians of Nantucket, inasmuch as, from August in the former year to February in the latter, they suffered from a malignant form of epidemic which, even yet, has not been identified, although the probability is that it was either typhus or typhoid fever, small-pox or yellow fever. Curiously enough, of the English who visited them daily, caring for and nursing the afflicted natives, not one was affected by the pestilence, which ceased suddenly, without previous abatement, on the 16th of February, 1764. Before the epidemic broke out there were 358 Indians on the island, of whom 222 perished, leaving only 136 natives to represent the race.\*

\* Obed, Macy; *opus cit.*

In 1791 there were but four male Indians and sixteen females left on the island, and in 1809 there were only three or four persons of pure blood and a few of mixed race.

From 1664 to 1774 the records consist mainly of land-sales from the Indians to the English; of complaints of one Indian against another, or others in relation to land-sales, and of controversies about their respective claims to whales. Within this period also one repeatedly notices the names of the successors of the old sachems, for several generations; but, concurrently with these, up to 1754, are the records of many attempts on the part of some of the Indians to regain their lands.

The perusal of these is very interesting, but I can only refer those who may desire to obtain a full knowledge of such matters to the ample and careful reports given by Mr. Henry B. Worth in the *Bulletins of the Nantucket Historical Association*.\*

\* Vide. Vol II. Bulletin 3.

In 1693 the island of Nantucket, ceded from the Provincial Government of New York, was incorporated in the State of Massachusetts.

#### Names of Some of the Nantucket Indians Occurring in the Registry of Deeds, Petitions, Etc.

Wanackmamack, Head Sachem of Nantucket in 1659.  
Wauwinet, aged Head Sachem of Northeastern section.  
Nicornoose, successor to Wauwinet.  
Autopscot (Attapechat or Attaychat), Sachem of South-western section.  
Potconet (or Pottacohannet), Sachem of Tuckernuck, etc.  
Nanahuma, probably a petty Sachem.  
Harry, a witness, son of Wapakowet.  
Wauwinnesit, or Amos, second son of Nicornoose.  
Saucoauso, alias Jephtha, son of Wanackmamack.  
Joshua Jethro, eldest son of Nicornoose.  
Wat Noose, bastard son of Nicornoose.  
Paul Noose, bastard son of Nicornoose.  
Masauquet, son of Autopscot.  
Harry Poritain, alias Beretan, son of Masauquet.  
Isaac Masauquet, son of Harry Portitain.  
Askommopoo, daughter of Nicornoose and wife of Spotso or Spoospotswa.  
Felix Kuttashamaquah, an interpreter.  
Cain, son of Saucoauso or Jephtha.  
Abel, son of Saucoauso or Jephtha.  
Ben Abel, son of Abel.  
Eben Abel, son of Abel.  
Jemima, daughter of Cain, and wife of James Shea.  
Pakapanessa, Indian associated with Nanahuma.  
Jonas Kimmo, Indian associated with Nanahuma.  
Tequamomany, sold lands to English in 1604.  
Mekowakim, sold lands to English in 1604.  
Peteson, a complainer, 1667.  
Larry Akkeramo, a complainer, 1667.  
Obadiah, a complainer, 1667.  
Wequakesuk, a sachem, 1673.  
Isaac Wauwinet, son of Nicornoose, successor of father.  
Heattohanen, another name for one of Nicornoose's sons.  
Wohwaninwot, another name for one of Nicornoose's sons.  
Cowpohanet, another name of Nanahuma.  
Spotso, son-in-law of Nicornoose, signed also as Spoospotswa.  
Sasapana Will, sold land to the English, 1637.  
Henry Britten, Sachem, 1701.  
Eastor, wife of Saucoauso, 1709.  
Joshiah or Josiah, son of Spotso.  
James Shay, Shea, or Shaa, husband of Jemima.  
Esau Cook, an Indian who sold land, 1742.  
Isaac Woosco, an Indian who sold land, 1745.  
Samuel Chegin, an Indian who sold land, 1747.  
Titus Zekey, an Indian who sold land, 1762.  
John Jethro, a descendant of Nicornoose.  
Abigail Jethro, a descendant of Joshua Jethro, son of Nicornoose.  
Jacob, son of Potconet, 1672.  
Ahkeiman, son of Potconet, 1676.  
Desire, or Desiah, a partner of Washaman, in whales, 1676.  
Waquaheso, related to Nicornoose.  
Wakelkman, Sessanuquis, Wienakisoo, three associated Indians, 1678.  
Nautakagin, a companion of Nanahuma, 1678.  
Quench, an Indian who divorced his wife, 1677.  
Mequash, an Indian with whaling rights, 1678.  
Machoogen, an Indian burglar, 1677.  
Debdekcoat, a fraudulent creditor, 1677.  
Shaakerune, an anti-prohibitionist, 1677.  
Seikinow, a complainer, 1699-1700.  
Titus Mamack, Joshua Mamack, John Mamack, descendants of Wanackmamack.  
Jouab, descendant of Wanackmamack.  
John Jouab, a disgruntled complainer.



Jonathan, a disgruntled complainer.  
 James Asab, a disgruntled complainer.  
 John Tashime (Tashama), a descendant of Autopscoot.  
 John Jethro, a petitioner.  
 Paul Jouab, a petitioner.  
 Richard Napanah, a petitioner.  
 Solomon Zachariah, a petitioner.  
 Naubgrachas, a petitioner.  
 Abel Nanahoo, a petitioner.  
 John Asab, a petitioner.  
 Barnabas Spotso, Sachem.  
 James Papamoo, son of Barnabas Spotso.  
 John Quass, the choice of Lakedon Indians for Sachem, when they repudiated Ben Abel, the legitimate chief.  
 Sanchimaish, a witness to Isaac Wauwinett's will.  
 Abram Tashama, son of John Tashama, 1741.  
 Old Hannah, a witness.  
 Ben Jouab, grandson of Pampason, 1752.  
 Memfopoo, a messenger, 1752.  
 Oowamassen, a witness to Isaac Wauwinett's will, 1670.  
 Joshua of Chappoquiddick, same as Joshua Jethro, eldest son of Nicornoose, 1706.  
 Talagamomos, Keostahhan, Wumoonohquin, Quaqua-choonit, witnesses to Nicornoose's will, 1668.  
 Ben Joab Pampushom, a claimant to Sachemdom of Occawa, 1745.  
 Peter Tuphouse, witness to Pampushom's petition.  
 Peleg Tuphouse, witness to Pampushom's petition.  
 David Pompasson, said to have been a grandson of Nicornoose.  
 Samuel Humbrey, a witness to John Jouab's petition, 1752.

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#### The Nantucket Indians.

On the third page of this issue, we present the first installment of a paper on "The Nantucket Indians," by R. A. Douglas-Lithgow, M. D., L. L. D., which will shortly appear in pamphlet form and will be offered the public at a minimum price per copy. Dr. Douglas-Lithgow is a well-known summer resident of Nantucket and is an acknowledged authority on matters pertaining to the legends and history of the Indian race in New England. He has spent many months in the compilation of this article on "The Nantucket Indians" and his work will doubtless prove a valuable addition to the historical volumes pertaining to Nantucket.

Dr. Douglas-Lithgow is perhaps best known as the author of "The Dictionary of American Indian Places and Proper Names in New England," which was issued a few years ago, and is said by authorities on onomatology to be the most comprehensive and satisfactory compendium of New England Indian local and personal names that has yet appeared. He has since made a careful study of the Indian history of Nantucket and has prepared a very interesting paper, which The Inquirer and Mirror will publish in installments before it is issued in book form.

A student of Edgar Allen Poe for many years, Dr. Douglas-Lithgow is also shortly to present to the literary world an entirely new and exhaustive work on "The Individuality of Edgar Allen Poe," which is to be published by the Everett Publishing Company, of Boston.

Petty crimes and misdemeanors on the part of the Indians—too often caused by "fire-water"—frequently resulted in producing considerable trouble and annoyance to the proprietors, and when they found that the imposition of fines and the infliction of whipping in graver cases were inadequate to permanently restrain them, they at length appointed a superior Indian to undertake the office of superintendent and local magistrate, and with considerable success. The officer appointed was James Shouel, better known as Korduda and he soon became a terror to evil-doers, his usual procedure being, when one Indian complained of another, to order both the complainant and the defendant to be well whipped. This subsequently became known as "Korduda's law," and in many, if not in most cases, it was found very effective. He was also in the habit of having delinquents whipped for neglecting the cultivation of their corn, for drunkenness, etc.

A few other special Indians are referred to in Zachcheus Macy's well-known letter, viz.: "Old Aesop," the weaver, who was also a schoolmaster; "Old Saul," "a stern-looking old man;" Richard Nominash and his brother Sampson and little Jethro, who are described as "very substantial and very trusty men;" Zachary Hoite, a minister who told his hearers "they must do as he said, but not as he did!" There were also some members of the old Haight and Jafet families, and Benjamin Tashama, an Indian of strong individuality, to whom I shall now refer in detail.

Benjamin Tashama, or Tashima, was, perhaps, the most noted Indian within the bounds of Autopscoot. He was a grandson of Sachem Autopscoot, and was distinguished as a good and worthy man, an esteemed preacher, and a successful schoolmaster. "A portion of the industrious life of Tashima," says the author of "Miriam Coffin," "had been devoted to study; and he had succeeded, with infinite labour, in adapting his literary acquirements to the language and capacity of his tribe. He had nourished the vain hope of preserving the nation without a cross in its blood, and the language of his people in its pristine purity. It was a magnificent conception! The design was worthy of the last, as he was the greatest, chief of his tribe. He was the last, because none succeeded him; he was the greatest, for he was the most benevolent." While few details of his life are known it is attested that he latterly lived on the eastern boundary of Gibbs' swamp, about forty rods northeast of the fifth milestone on the 'Sconset road. Here, some years ago, the cellar of his dwelling still remained, and the large stone which formed the entrance may now be seen in the rooms of the Nantucket Historical Association.

Here Tashama, often called "the last Sachem of Nantucket," dwelt with his son Isaac and his daughter Sarah. Benjamin Tashama died in 1770. His brother, John Tashama, was alive in 1754, when he signed a petition to the court. John had one son, Abram, mentioned by John Coffin and Abishai Folger in a report dated May 25th, 1743.

Sarah Tashama married Isaac Earop, and on April 27th, 1776, a daughter was born to them. She was named Dorcas Honorable. When this child grew up she became a domestic in the family of Mr. John Cartwright, where she lived for many years, and she died in 1822.\*

\* For these facts I am indebted to a statement made by Mr. Franklin Folger in May, 1743. Vide "Inquirer and Mirror," October 29, 1910.

She was a full-blooded Indian, and the very last of her race on Nantucket; and thus, little more than two centuries from the discovery of the island, passed away the only remaining one of the aboriginal people who had dominated it from time immemorial.

Abram Api Quady or Quarry, a half-breed, who lived in a hut at Shimmo for many years, died in 1855 at the age of 83, respected by all who knew him. He was the son of the notorious Quibby, already referred to, and of Judith Quarry—a half-breed fortune-teller well-known on the island at one time. Abram, for obvious reasons, chose to assume his mother's name. A fine portrait in oil of this dignified old man may be seen in the Nantucket Atheneum.

It may seem strange that no burial place of the Indians has been discovered on the island of Nantucket, so far as I am aware. Skeletal remains and a few bones have been

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over



discovered at one time and another, and in various places, but I believe no regular place of Indian burial has ever been found. This may be thus accounted for, viz.:

Island Indians usually buried their dead contiguous to the coast-line, and the progressive erosion of the coast during two centuries may have possibly washed such remains into the ocean. This is merely a suggestion, and as I have but few proofs to offer, I am subject to correction. It is probable, however, that the Indians buried their dead in the neighborhood of Shawkemo, Pocomo, Folger's Hill on the Polpis road, at Quaise, beyond the present water-works, and at or near Miacomet. It is recorded that there was a circular burying-ground for one of the tribes near the head-waters of Lake Miacomet, and that Benjamin Tashama was buried there.

An opinion too generally shared, which regards the American Indian race as consisting of mere savages, almost inhuman in their ferocity and cruelty, and without a redeeming feature of any kind, is as untrue as it is unjust. They naturally possessed those characteristics shared by all unenlightened races of men who have been deprived of the elevating influences of civilization and a high code of ethics, but a careful study of their lives and history shows that, according to their enlightenment, they were actuated by many virtues which, in superior races, count for dignified manhood and nobility of mind. In personal bravery and courage they had few equals and yet they accepted conquest or punishment with a sublime fortitude and stoicism which scorned to ask for either life or pardon. Equality, freedom, and independence constituted the very atmosphere of their being and, in their dealings with their own race, the rights of each individual, and his personal freedom, were universally acknowledged. Judged from our modern standard the principles of morality which governed their lives, if of a lower order, were yet in keeping with their instincts and their environment, and they believed that "the crimes of the vicious were punished by the disgrace, contempt and danger they ensured for transgressors."

When all that can be said against the Indians has been spoken it must be conceded that they embodied a pure and lofty patriotism, for which they fought and died like men and true patriots, and although they had to gradually yield up their possessions and their homes in the land they loved, and to recede and disappear before the advancing wave of civilization, yet, as De Forest says: "We may drop a tear over the grave of the race which has perished, and regret that civilization and Christianity have ever accomplished so little for its amelioration."

In the somewhat severe words of Obed Macy, "Their only misfortune was their connection with Christians, and their only crime the imitation of their manners."

In conclusion, I venture to make two suggestions, one a minor and the other a major one. Would it not be expedient and appropriate on the part of the Nantucketers to erect a tablet over the grave of "Dorcas," the last of the aborigines? The residents of "the little purple island," I think, owe so much to the memories associated with her vanished race.

Or, now that Nantucket is becoming, increasingly, year by year, a fashionable ocean-bound sea-resort, would it not be possible to carry out the suggestion made by an off-islander, as far back as 1881 at the Commemoration of the 200th anniversary of the death of Tristram Coffin, to erect by public subscription "a towering statue in dusky bronze, representing the venerable Indian Sachem, Wamackmamack, the tried and true friend of the original purchasers of the island?" The island certainly owes this illustrious Chief a debt of gratitude, for it was almost entirely due to his benign influences that the "silent people of the forest" and the strangers lived in peace and amity together, and thus expedited the dawn of civilization without an obstacle within its boundaries. I have spoken, and I leave these suggestions to the islanders for reflection, with every fond wish for their prosperity and success.

[NOTE.—Here ends the article on "The Nantucket Indians," which has been printed in four instalments. It will shortly appear in pamphlet form, to retail at 25 cents per copy. Copies will be mailed by The Inquirer and Mirror, to any address, upon receipt of 30 cents, to cover cost of booklet and postage.]

### The Derivation of the Indian Name "Nantucket."

By T. T. Allen in The Falmouth Enterprise's "Spindrift 'n' Whittlin's."

"Indian Names and Places"—Nantucket "Far Off at Sea Place," or "No Tree Place." An island about 25 miles south of Cape Cod. Possibly from Nawwatuck, which meant "Farre off at sea" according to Roger Williams, plus "et," thus Nawatucket, or "place far out at sea." An Algonquin word for "far" was *Nawut*. In 1635 Nantucket was called Nauticon, which may have been derived from *nawut*—"far plus igan"—a water word, the whole word meaning "far away in the water."

Another possibility is that the name may have been corrupted from the Indian word Nittauket, which meant "My Land Place," a term that some local Sagamore may have applied to the Island as a proud American might refer to the United States as "my native land." The Indians were great ones for making nicknames stick, not only personally, but also as far as place names were concerned.

Still another version met with is "A Level Island," derived from Nan—no—plus tuck—fall—plus et—place—the place where there are no falls. There was a fall at some of the places that have a "tuck" in their names because the only place where you find falls is in a river and the word "tuck" means "river," generally a tidal river. The only drawback with this interpretation seems to be a negative or sort of left-handed approach in naming an island from something rather unimportant that it isn't, or rather, that it hasn't. An Indian who had never left the Island would be likely neither to know nor care what falls were. If there were no tidal rivers on the Island, Nan-tuck-et could mean "no river place." That would be important for tidal rivers meant clams, oysters, eels and crabs for food, to say nothing about transportation. Rivers were to the Indians what auto roads were to the whites.

In case of doubt, it seems safest to choose the meaning of the word that seems most practical. If the Indian name for Nan-tuck-et had been Nan-metuck-et (which isn't impossible) it may have meant "place where there is no tree," for the word "metog" or "metuck" meant tree, and there were no trees on Nantucket.

To the practical minded Indian that meant there was no firewood to be had from trees on the Island except what drifted in, or what was brought in, from the mainland. Wood was shipped to Nantucket from Peter's Wharf in Waquoit Bay as recently as 100 years ago.

Again, to the practical minded Indian, trees meant canoes. No trees, no canoes, except what were paddled over from the mainland. Moreover, no trees, no poles, or bark for wigwams or long-houses.

You get a good idea of how important firewood was to an Indian from an early report. The Indians said that they thought the reason the English had first come to settle in America was because they had run out of firewood in their own country. The Indians noticed that the first whites took back cargoes of wood—sassafrass, cedar and other trees—which gave plausibility to the Indian's belief.

If there were no deer on Nantucket (as it was said there were no deer on Martha's Vineyard) a good practical name for the Island might have been Nan-attuck-et, which might mean Nan—no—plus attuck—deer—plus et—place, "place where there are no deer." The lack of venison for food and leather for moccasins and clothing on the Island would have been of practical significance to the savages.

These would all be practical considerations for the mainland Indian who might be thinking of moving over to the Island.

When strange white or strange red men met for the first time there were two questions likely to be asked: First, "What's your name?" Second, "Where are you from?" In reply to the second question, which is a practical one, the Indian replied, "Oh, I'm from the place way out there (pointing seaward)." The Cape Cod Indian: "From the near place—(Martha's Vineyard)? Islander: "No, from the far off place, way, way out there." According to Roger Williams the answer to this question in the Indian language would be "Nawatucket," near enough to Nantucket, possibly, to satisfy the fine people who live on the Island. In 1630 it appeared upon the maps as Natocko. On other early maps 1671) the name is spelled "Natocke" with nought of "Nan" in it.

No Indian survivors have dwelt on Nantucket since 1855. Abram Quarry, the last, who died in that year, wore long hair, was very Indian in appearance, and could speak the Indian language. We doubt if even Abram could have told us what the word "Nantucket" meant.

HUNG.—An aged inmate of the Asylum for the poor possesses a journal which contains many facts of interest concerning the early history of our island, the pages of which reveal many notes of local interest. It may be wholly unknown to the larger portion of our community that any wretched being ever mounted the gallows for execution on the island, but from among the many notes in the journal above mentioned we find that ten persons have been "dropped," their names and the date of execution being as follows: Finch, hung in 1704; Sabo, in 1736; Jo Noby, 1736; Hippy Comfort, 1739; John Comfort, 1745; Henry Jude, 1750; Tom Ichabod, J. Elica, Simeon Hens, Nathan Quibby, in 1769. The place of execution was about the location of the grounds of Agricultural Society.

ABORIGINAL REMAINS.—The remains of several human beings were unearthed by Mr. Albert F. Folger a few days since, at a spot a little north of his house at the Cliff, occupied by Mrs. Z. D. Underhill. The sitting posture in which the remains were found indicate them to be those of Indians. Dr. Harold Williams, a guest at the Springfield House, examined the remains, pronouncing them those of a male and female. Relic hunters are eager for pieces of the bones.

June 3, 1911

Sept. 2, 1882

Nov. 29, 1943

July 19, 1879



If Nantucket's wayward, dusty lanes and streets were nameless for almost their first 100 years, the same was not true of the slight hills, sparse meadows, ponds and slender points of flat, bare land. Many years before even the good Thomas Mayhew set foot on the the Island, a translated Bible held close to his homespun coat and friendship his only intent, the Nantucket Indians had bestowed names on their villages and on all locations which had significance for them.

Variations of those old names have become the modern nomenclature for approximately the same places although the original significance died with the last Indian.

Nantucket, the name of the Island at the time of the first settlement, slowly steadied from Natacko and other similar forms although the exact interpretation of the name has been lost entirely. According to Nantucket In Print, an anthology and check list of articles and books relating to the Island by Everett U. Crosby, the earliest use of the present name appeared on a map published in 1630. It located somewhat inaccurately the Islands of Natocko, presumably Nantucket, Petoekne-nock and Kotget. The two latter are believed to have been Tucker-nuck and Muskeget, respectively.

Nautican, a Latin version of Natocke, also appeared on early maps. However, a formal deed dated 1660 and signed by both Indians and early settlers finally stated "those Islands of Nantucket."

While shingles were still being hammered into place and wells opened for fresh water, Peter Folger, the one settler who seemed to understand the Indian language, talked with the Sachems and learned much about the Island. "Capaum," named by the Indians and the harbor first used by the white men, he learned meant "an enclosed place." The significance of the name was underlined when sea and wind closed the opening of the harbor and the families were forced to remove to the great harbor, the present Nantucket port.

The new location was known generally as Wesco, in the Indian language, "white stone." Located somewhere on the shore of the present harbor, there was formerly a large stone, compared by some to Plymouth Rock. Geologic research claims it was left there when the melting ice of the glacial period drained from the Island. Finally covered over by one of the first wharfs, the whereabouts of the stone is unknown at present.

#### Maddaket Was "Bad Land"

Maddaket or Maducut, the Westward portion of the Island and the first to be purchased, was so named because it was considered "bad land." Yet fish abounded in its turbulent waters and within the shelter of the harbor the settlers found quantities of oysters and clams and some scallops. Perhaps the name was applied to the area because of its vulnerability to high winds and severe storms or to its changing coast-line which even in Indian days must have deviated many times from what they would have considered normal.

## Indians Who Inhabited Nantucket Bestowed Names On Island Villages And Locations Of Significance



ABRAHAM QUARRY

The last Nantucket man with Indian blood in him, who died November 25, 1854, aged 82 years, 10 months.

Moving east toward the newer location of the town a small, oval-shaped pond known to the settlers as the washing pond was called by the Indians "Gibbs Pond." John Gibbs, whose lands must have bounded one side of the pond, was the Indian sought by King Phillip in 1665 for speaking the name of the dead. A tribal law declared that any Indian who spoke the name of a dead person was punishable by death. Thomas Macy, who hid the frightened Indian, and other men of the settlement raised a sum of money to buy his freedom from such drastic punishment—and Phillip left the Island partially appeased.

A second Gibbs Pond lies south-east of Alter Rock. It may also have been named for the same Indian although no records can be found indicating that.

Miacomet Pond, situated close to the South Shore of the Island and between Hummock Pond Road and the Surfside Road, bears an Indian name meaning "meeting place." The Indian word from which it is derived was Moyaucomet. It has been suggested that King Phillip, known often as Metacommet could have been the derivation for the present pond. Phillip, however, owned no property on the Island. His only relation to the Indians living here was of a jurisdictional nature, and

then only if they belonged to his tribe. The Pond might have been a tribal meeting place and thus gained the name.

Quaise, one of the older villages somewhat off the Wauwinet Road-Siasconset Road, was the home of Mrs. Kezia Coffin, who was accused of smuggling during the Revolutionary War. The Indian name means "reed land" from the word "maisquatuck," according to Zaccheus Macy in a paper which he wrote in 1792. Quaise belonged originally to a tract of land given to Thomas Mayhew by a local Sachem and was reserved by Mayhew for himself after he sold his patent right to the proprietors.

#### Derivation of Coskata

Down along Great Point way where the low-lying sandspit is about a mile wide, there is a small pond, no doubt originally an inlet from the outside sea. From the Indian, coshkagtuck, the meaning is "broad woods" and suggests that many hundreds of years ago trees spread a leafy shade over the present sandy wastes. Today the application of the old Indian word seems unreasonable for it is bare as the distant Great Point. Another version of the name, Crosskata, brings a totally different suggestion into the picture. Perhaps—who knows—an old Indian woman left to pass her last years on a lonely

sand dune with shelter and fresh fish her only consolations may have been the reason for the name. Cross Katy is not improbable even though fictitious.

Drifting west from Great Point along the winding shores, a beach-comber will come to Coatue Beach and Coatue Point. Here again there is a lack of uniformity about the name and its meaning. One source stated that Coatue was from the Indian word "Cowatuck" or "at the pine woods." Another gave the spelling as Coetue or Nauma, in English, Long Point. Whichever is the derivative, this fact is known—a deed dated 1660 and marked by one of the Sachems conveyed the land to Edward Starbuck. The present Coatue, certainly a long point, is known for its excellent swimming and sailing as well as its cactii.

Polpis is another Indian word, spelled Polpis and Podpis and Poatpes. In 1872, it was known as the garden spot of Nantucket, at least by one recorder of that period. From 1772 to 1796 a fulling and coloring mill located in Polpis, was owned and run by a Scot named Nichols. Most of the cloth worn or used on the Island was finished there. The meaning of the name is believed to be "a branching harbor or cove."

Just beyond Polpis Harbor is Pocomo Head, a finger of flowering land which juts into the upper harbor. Here apparently the Indians found an ample supply of fish for the interpretation of the word is "a clear fishing place."

Today somewhat west of Pocomo is a tiny community called Shimmo. A few Summer Cottages and landings give the place its name but a few years ago a brook wandered down from the Shawkemo Hills and traced a natural boundary between lands belonging to two different Sachems. Hence Shimmo, "spring," became the name for the widening mouth of the small brook which drained into the harbor.

#### Wannacomet Was Chief's Name

Wannacomet, a familiar name to many was at one time both an Indian chief and a broad strip of land. On the North side of the Island, east of the present water works of the same name, this rich, low-lying area, fed by springs, was called "fine or beautiful field." To the Indians that was known as Wannacomet.

Along the East shore of the Island, where the surf still pounds and the whales were first sighted, fishing stages mingled with Wigwams. Siasconset, meaning "near the great bone," originated from shingled huts built on the bluff above the fishing stages for the families of the fishermen. "Near the great bone" has puzzled many for within recorded history there has been no such item in that neighborhood. Presumably at some very early time a whale, inadvertently beached on the heavy sands, decayed leaving an immense, bare carcass.



North of Siasconset, are Quidnet and Squam. They are Indian villages which had stood there many years previous to white settlement. Squam which means "at the top of the rock" belonged to a large tract of land owned by Nicanoose, one of the important Sachems. In 1690 he deeded the area of Squam to William Bunker.

There are other Indian place names on the Island, meaning of which passed away with the Red Men. The single sure fact which remains, however, is that the white settlers accepted and used the Indian names as they were applied to ponds and fields and woods. In naming the streets upon which their homes stood and their businesses, they chose for the most part English names. The settlers in the first years of hardship must often have been homesick and weary. What was more natural then to overlook entirely Indian words, customs and mannerisms and to cling stubbornly to their own way of life—even in the relatively unimportant matter of place names.

FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1948

AN INTERESTING OLD DOCUMENT.—The following list of names of Nantucket Indians has recently come to light. It was found in an old Bible recently sold to a Cliff Cottager. This Bible is bound in leather, and has two brass clasps. It is King James's version, with Royce's version of the Psalms. Imprint: "Edinburgh. Printed by Alexander Kincaid, His Majesty's Printers. 1762." On the inside of the front cover the following is written: "£ 6—10. O. T."

The sheet of paper containing the names is a trifle over twelve inches long, and nearly eight inches wide, ribbed linen paper, yellow with age. The names of the Indians cover completely both sides of the paper in two columns on each page. The copy is as exact as it is possible to make it. One name is uncertain owing to a fold in the paper.

The meaning of the heading is uncertain. Is it a list of Indians that died at nearly the same date? Is it a copy of an older record running through a term of years? Some peculiarities look in this direction, as the two ways of spelling certain names: "Elisabeth" and "Elizabeth;" "Dorcus" and "Darcus". Possibly these are two names. There is a tradition of a fatal plague among the Indians. Did this occur about the time of this record?

The few elderly people to whom this paper has been shown have recalled anecdotes about some of these Indians. Among these is one about the whipping of one of the women at the public whipping-post upon her body naked to the waist. Very likely there is more sentiment lavished upon the Indian of to-day, out upon the Western Plains, than the great grand-parents of the present Islander bestowed upon his dirty, thriftless and thieving Indian neighbor. Another anecdote is told about Ben Cheegin's unsavory remark to one of the Island kings of his day.

Some of the names will be recognized as now attached to certain localities, as Tashma's Island in Gibbs's pond, and Tom Neavers Head. The INQUIRER AND MIRROR will open its columns to any matter that will give light upon this record.

AN ACCOUNT OF INDIANS DECEASED. . 1 OF AUGUST, 1763.

Sarah Tashma	Oald Esors wife
Susanna Ease	Second Smug
Abigail Jehoop	Jo Poppomer
Hannah Easake	Sarah Wossey
Abigail Tittus	Abigail York
Hannah Robin	Easter Ease
Sarah Challenge	Darcus Honney
Ales Jude	Christian Tashma
John Taudy	Hannah Junkin
John Taudy's wife	Dorcus Levi
John Taudy's boy	John Titus
Jee Tittus wife	Eben Small
Saml. Panchamas wife	Richard Reape
Saml. Panchama	Martha Junkin
James Panchamas	Hannah Spotso
wife	James Pock
Jee Tittus	John Arons wife
Benja Jobe	John Mooneys wife
Ticcoma	Old Squah Rafe
Jemima Bright	Old Josiah
Betty Titus	Patience Dick Jacob
Betty Eager	Ben Cheegin
Patience Munke	James Netawar
Saml. Cheegin	James Panchamas Daug
Rose Toto	and wifes daughter
Amsi	Jo Sampsons wife
Jonathan Smalls Wife	Jo Harcaluss wife
Jeremiah Netawar	Darcus Qual
Betty Sampson	Hannah Bonney
Betty Sampsons	Patience Bonny
Daughter	Sarah Josiah
Hagar Jusap	Darcus Jacob
Eave Poppomer	Patience Panchama
Betty Panchama and	Hannah Benja
wife	Hitta Aaron
Janathan Spotses	Abigail Ishena
Zachara Neavers boy	N—is wife
Peleg Manus wife	Zacheus Hoop
John Sauls boy	Jo Quady's wife
Jonathan Pinkhams	Nortuna
boy	Abiah Quawk
Barney Spotsor's wid-	Saml. Poppoiners
ow	daughter
Oald Chance	Simon Peteray
Susanna Poppomer	Martha Potter
Jonathan Neaver	Daniel Cheegin
Abigail Smug	Jo Potters daughter
Jonathan Spotsors boy	Jo Bonney
Tom Fosters son	Betty Cordody
Oald Betty Sampson	Oald Titus
Margaret Junkin	Oald Taudy
Charity Jethrow	Fben Sandy
Zachara Neavers boy	Eben Sandys wife
Daniel Taudy	Patience Pock
Mary Sandy	Saml. Mykeys wife
Peter Zacharas wife	Betty Neave
Sarah Qual	Simon Peterays wife
Simon Peterays wife	Rachel Foster
Oald Nonish	Barney Foster
John Tory	Sarah, a stranger
John Mordeca	Shabael Pinkham Sandy
James Poppomer	Easter Spotser
Jonathan Spotsers	Mary, a stranger
wife	Zachara Neaver
Jonathan Spotsers	Ruth Calep
child	Jeremiah Netawars
Susanna Neaver	child
Moll, a stranger	Smugs child
Peleg Wany	O. H. Molatto
Jo Potter	Dorcus Junkin
Elisabeth Ease	Abigail Netawar
Betty Topsha	Margaret Saul
Saml. Poppoiner	Oald Shubael Serpent
Eliza beth Eases	Isaac Apte
daughter	Oald Eben Cane
Zachara Neavers son	Boy Spotser
Jee Sauls wife	Tom Ichabod
Ephraim Nacks boy	Jo Sampson
Oald Taudys wife	Oald Mordeca Easake
Titus Harcaluss wife	Jo Micha
Barney Fosters	Ephraim Nick
daughter	Tom Ichabod
Smug	Tom Aarons wife
Hitta Arons daughter	Dinah Sponak
Eave Maca	Tom Aron
David Quail	John Esop
Josiah Spotser	John Dimons boy
Boy Smug	Elias Echaraca
Mordeca Shai	
Hitta Benja and child	
Saml. Micha	

NOTE—Excepting in two cases, the possessive case is marked only by a final "s."

June 21, 1890

## Remembers Last Indian Who Lived on Nantucket.

(From the Boston Sunday Globe.)

The visitor to Nantucket's public library, which is housed in the Atheneum, formerly a historical and whaling museum, may come in contact with a quiet, cheery and keen-eyed old man who seems as much a part of the place as the books on the shelves and the portraits on the walls.

This is George Franklin Folger, the library building's custodian. A stranger may not judge his age within 10 years and may be surprised to learn that he was born in 1833.

In mind, as well as in body, Mr. Folger is alert. Although he was not reared among books, he has the bookish instinct, and when a question on Nantucket history or the whaling business is asked in his presence, he is able to turn at once to the book and page that give information on the point brought forward. This is no laboriously acquired accomplishment, for a clear mind and scholarly tendencies are a natural heritage to him, as it is to many Nantucketers—and Mr. Folger is a typical islander.

"I am Folger, Starbuck, Coffin, Ray," he says, "and you can't beat that for Nantucket stock. My middle name is Franklin, and I am descended from Peter Folger, Benjamin Franklin's grandfather. You know Franklin's mother was born on Nantucket. I believe he got a great deal of his ability from her."

Like most Nantucket men past middle life, Mr. Folger was connected with the whale fishery when young; not as a voyager in distant seas, but as a builder of whaleboats, at Nantucket.

"I can remember when we had 72 whaleships hailing from here. Each one of them carried five or six boats, and boatbuilders were busy."

Mr. Folger enlisted in the 33d Mass. regt., Co. I, in the civil war, and was wounded in the second day of the battle of Gettysburg.

After the war he was appointed keeper of the Sankaty head light and for 15 years, from 1867 to 1882, held that position. This light is the farthest seaward of any lighthouse on the Atlantic coast of the United States, and sheds its beams over many miles of dangerous shoals.

Mr. Folger saw many bitter storms in his 15 years of service at the light, and not a few bad wrecks. When his service was concluded he retired for a time to private life. He has been custodian of the Atheneum eight years. With an unusually retentive memory, Mr. Folger has recollections of events in Nantucket half a century and more ago that are of great interest to the younger generation. He recalls vividly the "great fire" of 1846, which swept the business portion of the town, and caused a loss of \$1,000,000 worth of property.

The progress of the fire was arrested by blowing up dwellings and stretching wet carpets on the roofs.

"Here was the coolest man in fighting the fire," pointing to a crayon portrait inscribed "Hon. George B. Upton."

Mrs. Apptelons  
father

"He was a merchant here, one of our leading men. He helped direct the work of blowing up houses. He went into one house alone with a keg of powder and a fuse, placed the keg in an inner room, lighted the fuse and groped his way toward the door. In a strange house, in the dark, he lost his way and failed to find the door. He knew he had only a few seconds before the fuse would reach the powder and blow the house to kindlings. Instead of getting excited and losing time looking for the door he stepped back to the room where the powder was and put his foot on the fuse. Then he located the door, lighted the fuse again and came out of the house, which soon went up with a crash.

The fire was in July and the season was unusually dry. It started about 11 o'clock and burned all night. There was not much breeze, but it created a wind of its own, hurling firebrands a long distance. The harbor was also

afire with whale oil that flowed from burning barrels on the wharves.

I was 13 years old at the time and the scenes made a strong impression on my mind."

Mr. Folger has a clear recollection also, of the last Nantucket Indian, Abram Quarry, who died in 1854. He lived at Monomoy, a little settlement south of Nantucket town. He was a lone man, dignified in bearing, but very poor, making his living in summer by picking berries and gathering herbs, and in winter by such work as he could get to do. A fine portrait of him, executed by a French woman who was a visitor to Nantucket, hangs in the Atheneum. It shows him seated in his cabin, a basket of berries and some herbs near him. His hair is long, his face calm, and he is barefooted. The expression of the face is that of a man dwelling on the shortness of human life, and the end of his race.

"Quarry was a peaceable Indian," said Mr. Folger, "on good terms with everybody; but when some relic hunters went to Monomoy and began digging at the graves of the Indians buried there, he got his gun and went after them. They had him arrested and brought into court.

"They were disturbing the graves of my ancestors," was his plea.

"Would you have shot them?" asked the court.

"Would I?" asked the Indian. In the tone of the question was its answer.

The court sympathized with Abram, and discharged him with a mild reprimand.

On one occasion some boys went over to call on Abram, and saw in his house a small model of a ship he had made. They coveted the model and asked him what he would take for it. "Your head," said the Indian, grimly. They made no attempt to pursue negotiations."

Mr. Folger says he feels as active at 77 as when he was a much younger man. He attributes his strength of body and mind to a good constitution, the climate of Nantucket and regular living.

Sept. 1910



### Crafts of the Nantucket Indian No Mystery to Sheriff Dunham.

It all happened because Mrs. Dunham thought she needed a restricted diet. With this startling statement Sheriff Nelson O. Dunham launched into his subject of Indian lore at the Congregational Men's Club, Wednesday night.

Explaining his cryptic remark, Mr. Dunham said the doctor told Mrs. Dunham a diet was not necessary but some form of outdoor activity would be of great help. The problem then was to determine just what form this open-air activity should take. This came entirely by accident.

The Sheriff and his wife were driving slowly along Tom Nevers Road when deer tracks arrested their attention. Stopping to investigate, they found an Indian arrow head, called "point" by the Dunhams. This so aroused their interest that they looked carefully all the way to Tom Nevers Head. When they arrived at their destination they had five points to their credit.

That was just what the doctor ordered. Ever since that day in 1935, Mr. and Mrs. Dunham have tramped over most of the rutted roads on the Island with much success in finding not only points, but tomahawks, artifacts, and even skeletons.

The Dunham's first collection, found from 1935 to 1943, consisting of 8,000 specimens of Indian life on Nantucket, was given to the Nantucket Historical Association. This collection, one of the finest collections having to do with eastern continental Indians, has a place of honor today in the Fair Street Museum.

One of the best finds was discovered because Sheriff Dunham shared his hobby with another. The then game warden, Arthur Hughes, became interested in the hunt of Indian specimens, and inquired of the Sheriff where he might begin to look. Mr. Dunham pointed out a place in Madaket which he, himself, had intended to investigate but had not gotten around to it. Arthur Hughes immediately started to scratch around at the site.

Not long after this the Massachusetts Archeological Association was meeting at the Maria Mitchell Library. There were five off-island anthropologists among those present at the meeting. Suddenly the door burst open and in rushed Mr. Hughes. He looked as if he had been digging like a ground hog for days. He was so excited he had come directly from his dig in Madaket. His face, hands, and clothes were covered with dirt but his eyes shone with suppressed excitement.

Mr. Hughes took the sheriff aside and said breathlessly, "I've uncovered a skeleton! What'll I do!"

Sheriff Dunham took the news to the meeting and it was all he could do to prevent the meeting from breaking up right then. The off-island anthropologists were all for going out immediately although it was dark. A compromise was finally effected and at dawn the next day they were at Mr. Hughes' dig.

The find turned out to be a well-preserved skeleton of an Indian. With painstaking care each bone was lifted from its resting place, tagged and put into an envelope and the envelope marked. These were eventually sent to Harvard College where Professor Hooten of the Anthropological Department reassembled the skeleton. The only portions missing were two small bones from the little toe of the left foot.

Since 1947 Mr. and Mrs. Dunham have progressed very well on their second collection. Some 200 of these Mr. Dunham brought with him. The points and the smaller tomahawks were mounted for better display. One board had been painstakingly displayed in a most intricate and beautiful geometric design. This mounting alone had taken eight hours. Among his specimens he also showed a heavy stone implement he had found along the eroded shore. Only about one sixth of it was protruding from the bank under a heavy layer of peat. Mr. Dunham estimates, from the presence of the peat above its resting place, that it was about 3,000 years old.

In the middle of a rutted road in Quaise Mr. Dunham came upon a perfect hearth near which he picked up 19 coins dated from 1723 to 1749.

Just because of a diet Mr. and Mrs. Dunham have enlarged their perspective and given to the Island a most interesting and precious collection of Indian relics.

An interesting question period followed and don't be surprised if you see members of the Men's Club digging around in shell beds, and suspected camp sites this summer.

The "Sandpipers", a girls' quartet made up of the Misses Eugenie Stackpole, Betty Cartwright, Alberta Regnere, and Francina Reyes, entertained with several well-done Spirituals and some barber shop harmony which was as close as Francis Pease's haircut. This four girls very evidently enjoy singing together and they are certainly very capable. The only reason they stopped when they did was because of a limited repertoire. Under the direction of Howard Barber these girls are doing a wonderful job.

The Harmonious Hustlers served a delicious lamb dinner to everyone's satisfaction.

The last meeting of the season, next month, will be Ladies' Night.

### Nantucket's Original Indian Population Of 1500 Wiped Out In About A Century

"Lo, the poor Indian," wrote Alexander Pope in a burst of melancholy sentiment, and the 17th century poet might well have been thinking of Nantucket's redmen when he penned it.

The Island's Indian population has been estimated at about 1500 persons during the early years of the first white settlement. In 1784, there were only 35 members of the race left and eight years later this number was reduced to four males and sixteen females.

A number of explanations have been offered for this decline, including a plague in 1763 which carried off a good portion of the Indian population, but more likely it was a mixture of anguish and disappointment.

Although their land was purchased fairly, according to the white man's standards, the Indian was never quite able to understand the complicated workings of property rights and deeds.

When he sold his Nantucket fields he did not realize the extent of his loss. The price was usually fair and set according to the real estate values of the period, but as one early Island historian wrote:

"The idea that one man could so become titled to real estate as to prevent others from using it never entered into the notion of the Indian. Land to him was as free as the water or the air.

"Nobody could have exclusive rights to it. So when the white men came and obtained deeds from the sachems, it was merely the admission of the new settlers on equal terms with themselves. It was not that the Indian had ceased to have the right to enjoy the land but that another had become his co-occupant. Hence the idea that an Indian could be guilty of trespass was a strange innovation.

"Having the same right as the white man he supposed he could use any land, house or building of the Englishman, or other property without being guilty of crime. When this use was denied and he was held to be guilty of trespass or theft, it was beyond his comprehension."

The Indians must have found the laws of the white man equally beyond comprehension particularly where it concerned them.

For example, at a Nantucket town meeting in 1664, the white inhabitants put through a law prohibiting Indians from settling in certain areas of the Island, and another forbidding them to plant corn.

In the same year, another law was passed that would make it possible to fine an Indian 20 pounds for setting fires or burning grass, even on his own property.

Strangely enough, the Indian apparently showed little resentment even when the white men passed laws limiting the number of dogs he could keep. In 1669, the white inhabitant were instructed not to sell horses to Indians and the tribes living at Madaket had new hunting and cattle restrictions placed on them.

The sale of cattle, horses and sheep to the Indians were also controlled, and there was a stiff fine for any Indian caught salvaging equipment on Nantucket shores following a shipwreck.

But the unkindest cut of all was the order that read: "Any Indian who stays on the Land and makes use of the same after the 14 day of October 1662 shall pay to the English 5¢ per week, the fine to be taken out at the end of every week they stay on the Land."

Lo, the poor Indian.

Sept. 10, 1954

Mar. 7, 1953



Metacomet tried to induce the natives to join in the proposed war against the English, but they refused as they were satisfied and wished to remain at peace with the white people.

Of the 358 Indians remaining in 1763, 222 died from a disease of "yellow fever" which broke out among them, thus leaving 136 to represent the race. The plague continued up to February 16, 1764, when it suddenly ceased. Out of the many English, who came daily to care for the distressed natives, none were affected by the disease.

Efforts were made to instruct Christianity among the tribes, and Nantucket was more successful in her duty of instructing them than any other part of New England.

The Indians had long practised the art of killing whales. When bodies of whales drifted ashore, they were eagerly seized upon by the natives as rich prizes. Crowds of Indians used to go in boats and pierce the whale with a bone, which was fastened to a rope. When the whale emerged from the water, they killed him by piercing him with arrows. When he was towed to shore, they called their chiefs together and sang a song of joy around their prize. The Sagamores then divided the whale and gave each man a share.

Benjamin Tashoma, a grandson of Sachem Autopscoot, a good man, esteemed preacher, and a successful schoolmaster, was the most prominent Indian. He became the greatest chief of his tribe. He had a son, Isaac and a daughter, Sarah. She married Isaac Earok and on April 27, 1776, a daughter, Dorcas Honorable, was born. She was a full-blooded Indian, and the very last of her race on Nantucket.

In 1794 three wigwags remained standing in Squam. The last, which belonged to Abigail Fisher, was taken down in 1799.

Abram Api Quarry (or Quady), the last man with Indian blood in him, died November 25, 1854, at the age of eighty-two. He was the son of Mr. Quibby and Judith Quarry. For many years he lived in a hut at Shimmo, loved and respected by all who had become acquainted with him.

No burial place was assigned for the Indians, but skeleton remains have been found in various places. One of the tribes had a circular burying-ground near Micomet Pond, and of the many aborigines buried there, Benjamin Tashoma is one.

A few of the Indians committed minor crimes for which they were punished. For instance, house-breaking and sheep-stealing. An instance of house-breaking runs as follows:

A family had moved into a house that was still under the course of construction. The parents occupied a room on the lower floor for sleeping, while a young man, a relative of the people slept in the unfinished attic room. Very early one morning the young man arose and went to join a crew of men who were going in quest of whales. As it was early he did not awake the residents.

Soon after his departure, the woman was awakened by the sound of footsteps on the floor above the room where she slept. She called out to be careful as she thought the young man was walking around and might fall through the opening. Hardly had she ceased speaking when an Indian descended from above through the opening and began to sharpen his knife, telling the mother that he intended to kill her.

When the native made known to the woman that the knife was sharp enough to perform the intended act, she darted toward the door. He tried to seize her by the arm, but she escaped. She rushed toward the nearest house shrieking "Indian" and as soon as she arrived there fainted on the doorstep. The neighbor, suspecting something wrong, immediately returned to the house and found an Indian there. The actions of the latter were somewhat accounted for by a basket outside the door, which contained a bottle of liquor. The native was arrested and placed in jail on the charge of plunder. Afterwards, he stated that his threat was to rid the house of its occupants.

Some of the Indians were very pious. The conversations of Bethia Tiphau's parents made a deep impression on the little girl. When three years of age, her

#### AN INTERESTING OLD DOCUMENT.—

The following list of names of Nantucket Indians has recently come to light. It was found in an old Bible recently sold to a Cliff Cottager. This Bible is bound in leather, and has two brass clasps. It is King James's version, with Royce's version of the Psalms. Imprint: "Edinburgh. Printed by Alexander Kincaid, His Majesty's Printers. 1762." On the inside of the front cover the following is written: "£ 6—10. O. T."

The sheet of paper containing the names is a trifle over twelve inches long, and nearly eight inches wide, ribbed linen paper, yellow with age. The names of the Indians cover completely both sides of the paper in two columns on each page. The copy is as exact as it is possible to make it. One name is uncertain owing to a fold in the paper.

The meaning of the heading is uncertain. Is it a list of Indians that died at nearly the same date? Is it a copy of an older record running through a term of years? Some peculiarities look in this direction, as the two ways of spelling certain names: "Elisabeth" and "Elizabeth;" "Dorcas" and "Darcus". Possibly these are two names. There is a tradition of a fatal plague among the Indians. Did this occur about the time of this record?

The few elderly people to whom this paper has been shown have recalled anecdotes about some of these Indians. Among these is one about the whipping of one of the women at the public whipping-post upon her body naked to the waist. Very likely there is more sentiment lavished upon the Indian of to-day, out upon the Western Plains, than the great grand-parents of the present Islander bestowed upon his dirty, thriftless and thieving Indian neighbor. Another anecdote is told about Ben Cheegin's unsavory remark to one of the Island kings of his day.

Some of the names will be recognized as now attached to certain localities, as Tashma's Island in Gibbs's pond, and Tom Neavers Head. The INQUIRER AND MIRROR will open its columns to any matter that will give light upon this record.

#### AN ACCOUNT OF INDIANS DECEASED. . 1 OF AUGUST, 1763. .

Sarah Tashma	Oald Esors wife
Susanna Ease	Second Smug
Abigail Jehoop	Jo Poppomer
Hannah Easake	Sarah Wossey
Abigail Tittus	Abigail York
Hannah Robin	Easter Ease
Sarah Challenge	Darcus Homney
Ales Jude	Christian Tashma
John Tandy	Hannah Junkin
John Tandy's wife	Dorcas Levi
John Tandy's boy	John Titus
Jee Tittuss Wife	Eben Small
Saml. Panchamas wife	Richard Reape
Saml. Panchama	Marthar Junkin
James Panchamas	Hannah Spotso
wife	James Pock
Jee Tittus	John Arons wife
Benja Jobe	John Mooneys wife
Ticcoma	Old Squah Rafe
Jemima Bright	Old Josiah
Betty Titus	Patience Dick Jacob
Betty Eager	Ben Cheegin
Patience Munke	James Netawar
Saml. Cheegin	James Panchamas Daug
Rose Toto	and wives daughter
Amsi	Jo Sampsons wife
Jonathan Smalls Wife	Jo Harcaluss wife
Jeremiah Netawar	Darcus Qual
Betty Sampson	Hannah Bonney
Betty Sampsons	Patience Bonny
Daughter	Sarah Josiah
Hagar Jusap	Darcus Jacob
Eave Poppomer	Patience Panchama
Betty Panchama and	Hannah Benja
wife	Hitta Aaron
Jonathan Spotses	Abigail Ishena
Zachara Neavers boy	N———s wife
Peleg Manns wife	Zacheus Hoop
John Sauls boy	Jo Quadys wife

Jonathan Pinknams	Abiah Quawk
boy	Saml. Poppoiners
Barney Spotsors's wid-	daughter
ow	Simon Peteray
Oald Chance	Martha Potter
Susanna Poppomer	Daniel Cheegin
Jonathan Neaver	Jo Potters daughter
Abigail Smug	Jo Bonney
Jonathan Spotsors boy	Betty Cordody
Tom Fosters son	Oald Titus
Oald Betty Sampson	Oald Tandy
Margaret Junkin	Eben Sandy
Charity Jethrow	Eben Sandys wife
Zachara Neavers boy	John Saul
Daniel Tandy	Patience Pock
Mary Sandy	Saml. Mykeys wife
Peter Zacharas wife	Betty Neave
Sarah Qual	Simon Peterays wife
Simon Peterays wife	Rachel Foster
Oald Nonish	Barney Foster
John Tory	Sarah, a stranger
John Mordeca	Shabael Pinkham Sandy
James Poppomer	Easter Spotser
Jonathan	Mary, a stranger
wife	Zachara Neaver
Jonathan	Ruth Calep
Spotsers	Jeremiah Netawars
child	child
Susanna Neaver	Smugs child
Moll, a stranger	O. H. Molatto
Peleg Wany	Dorcas Junkin
Jo Potter	Abigail Netawar
Elisabeth Ease	Margaret Saul
Betty Topsha	Oald Shubael Serpent
Saml. Poppoiner	Isaac Apte
Elizabeth	Oald Eben Cane
Eases	Boy Spotser
daughter	Tom Ichabod
Zachara Neavers son	Tom Jaspor
Jee Sauls wife	Jo Sampson
Ephraim Nacks boy	Oald Mordeca Easake
Oald Taudys wife	Jo Micha
Titus Harcaluss wife	Ephraim Nick
Barney Fosters	Tom Ichabod
daughter	Tom Aarons wife
Smug	Dinah Spokak
Hitte Arons daughter	Tom Aron
Eave Maca	John Esop
David Qual	John Dimons boy
Josiah Spotser	Elias Echaraca
Boy Smug	Saml. Micha
Mordeca Shai	
Hitta Benja and child	
Saml. Micha	

NOTE—Excepting in two cases, the possessive case is marked only by a final "s."

June 21, 1880

#### Inquirer and Mirror.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1883.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

#### "Thereby Hangs a Tale."

In Mrs. Jane G. Austin's entertaining book, "Nantucket Scraps," she twice refers to the old Newtown gate as being near the spot where the only gallows ever used on the island was erected, and to the solitary execution that took place there, the victim having been an Indian. Of course the statement was made upon information or mis-information received by the writer while sojourning here, and the mis-statement goes to show that her informants had read our local history very carelessly, or else had not read it at all.

It seems a pity to spoil the poetry of the thing by reminding all readers who have forgotten the facts, as well as all non-readers of old chronicles, that our good clansires appear not to have been troubled much with conscientious scruples about capital punishment. Indeed, considering the small population of the island, the number of deaths under the law within a period of little more than half a century shows that a stern justice was administered with almost Draconian severity.

The historian Obed Macy, whose work Mrs. Austin compliments as being generally correct and reliable, although somewhat antiquated in style, informs us that from the best information obtainable by him, as many as ten executions had taken place on our island between 1704 and 1769. In a foot-note at the bottom of the page he goes further, giving us names and dates as follows: Finch, 1704; Sabo, Jo. Nobby, 1736; Heppy Comfort, 1739; John Comfort, 1745; Henry Jude, 1750; Tom Ichabod, Joel Elisa,

Simon Hews, Nathan Quibby, 1769. He adds then the ten persons named were all native Indians, that they all perished by hanging, and that the crime in each and every case was murder. In this instance Obed, like most other conscientious historians, has proved a terrible iconoclast against his own wishes, it would seem, for he lamely tries to apologize for proceedings so utterly repugnant to his own views, and intimates a doubt whether local public sentiment ever at any time was in harmony with such a law. If his dates are correct, the year 1769 was exceptionally prolific in executions, and that they are so, is highly probable from the fact that he began collecting his material while such events were still within the memory of men and women then living. In the year 1769, the historian was himself a lad of six years, and perhaps had personal knowledge of the facts, though he may not have actually witnessed the tragedy.

We can have little doubt then that ten red men,—perhaps more, have been put to death on our island by judicial authority, and the best we can do after admitting this fact is to make a boast involving a rather questionable kind of pride that no white man has ever been hanged here to our knowledge. But it is quite possible that there may have been a few now and then, who, like some of Dr. Johnson's wife's relatives, deserved hanging.

It is presumable that each of the culprits who were executed had the benefit of a trial before such courts as were then in vogue, but we have met with no record official or otherwise of the proceedings. Nor have we any new information to furnish as to the localities where the several executions took place. Newtown gate may, or may not have been the first, last and only Tyburn of Nantucket, and perhaps some of our antiquarian readers can throw further light upon the subject. The author of "Miriam Coffin" sketches the character of Quibby, sends him on a whaling voyage, and makes him murder one of his shipmates on the very day that the vessel arrived home, but how much of this is history, or how much is fiction, we confess ourselves unable to determine. Most of the personages and incidents the story had some foundation in real and fact, but the license of the novel has been freely used, and the result queer jumble of anachronisms and in gruities, but at the same time a clever fascinating story.

March 31, 1883

Sept. 1, 1923  
Incom.



### An Interesting Sketch Regarding the Nantucket Indians.

An old bit of manuscript has been handed us for publication, which gives some interesting matter relative to the Indians of Nantucket. The author's name does not appear on the manuscript, which, while it may have no real historic value, makes good reading, nevertheless. The writer of many years ago captioned the manuscript "History of Nantucket Indians—the Scenes of Which Were Enacted Near or in Wauwinet." The troubles between the eastern and western tribes of the island, the visit of King Philip, the pestilence and the final disappearance of the Nantucket Indians are all matters of history, but the writer in this instance relates them in a different vein.

Many years have now passed since the sand dunes of Wauwinet echoed with the call of the Great Chief whose wigwams and cheery watch-fires shown on the sand with their ruddy glow. The place on which Wauwinet is situated once in ages gone by was covered with pine trees, from the wood of which, during the cold winter days and a good part of the equally dreary nights, they carved spoons and other household articles, telling wild legends of former wars, while with expert hands they formed the rude flint into arrow-heads with which to bring home many an unfortunate bird who was now smoothing its feathers after the weary flight to escape the cold northern winter in the sunny south.

The murmur of the still waters of the harbor on one side, and the dull, angry roar of the never ceasing surf on the other, brought to our ears by every passing breeze, reminders of the mysteries of the island, which, if only the sands could speak, they would tell—but these are now forever lost to the world.

About the year 1630 a war between the western and eastern tribes took place. Late on one fine night, sitting around their council-fire, the oak and stunted pine bushes throwing weird shadows around them, all the chiefs of the different western tribes were in consultation, all listening eagerly to the Indian whom, next to Philip, was the most eloquent of this ill-fated race. "Children listen to a father's voice! Go get your arms! Why longer delay? Shall I repeat the wrongs which they have committed to our people? First they came and took our lands away, aided by our white brothers, then afterwards came sneaking upon us like the adder, who is ready to poison all who comes in its way. But by the will of the Great Father they found us like the weasel, not asleep but up and armed. Therefore, go! While I stay here and pray to the Great Father for you all, go, my children, go! And before tomorrow's sun gilds three times the tops of the trees you must be home here again, not as vanquished but as vanquishers."

In 1665, King Philip visited the island—before the bloodiest massacres ever known in which thousands of Indians and about twice the number of whites were killed at Deerfield and other places (which scenes were enacted in Massachusetts beginning in the year 1671 and which lasted for about seven years). The whole Indian populace in 1665 was thrown in the wildest confusion. Every Indian in Nantucket was excited with the news that King Philip had left his home in Mount Hope and was on his way to visit the different tribes who could be persuaded to join him secretly in the dark plans which he was conjuring up in his active brain. His object for this treason against his enemies, the whites, was not that they had defrauded him in any way, as the treaty of his father Tecumseh had so far been faithfully kept. It was only his burning hatred for the enemies of his race. The day for Philip's arrival dawned bright and clear. It was one of those sunny November days that the king of the forest, the great Indian orator, would arrive.

The whole Indian populace of this day, if never before or afterwards, forgot their own quarrels and dissensions and all united in a common cause to receive Philip with all the pomp that they could muster. About ten o'clock in the morning the couriers reported that the war canoe, rowed by six Indians, was in sight, and in about one half hour King Philip in his boat rounded the point, and amid the welcome shouts of the Indians and the excited cooing of the Indian papooses, King Philip stepped on shore.

In 1704, the "White Missionary," as the Indians called Mayhew, began his work of Christianizing the Indians, a very hard task, but he performed what he had imposed upon himself cheerfully, never minding and overcoming every difficulty. He found them living a wretched, miserable, degraded life, worshipping the water, the fire, the sun, the hills, and the wind. They had one spirit above all, to whom they were sure of going when they died. They, like all Indians, buried their weapons with them in their graves, to be used in the happy hunting ground of the hereafter.

In their mode of living they agreed with all others of their race, living by fishing and hunting, while their wives did all the work, such as tilling the ground and gathering the harvest of corn, which, when dry, they pounded in a stone mortar, and out of the coarse meal they fried bannocks on the hot wood or ashes.

Mayhew, after laboring for many years, got the New Testament translated into their language. Now his work was virtually ended and to crown his success they built four meeting-houses, in which the Presbyterian service was held for the Indians of Nantucket, conducted in their own tongue, in the year 1724.

In 1763 an Indian plague swept away 222 Indians, leaving only 136 on the island. "The Indian prophecy of the total extinction of their race has come to pass in a shape which our fathers little dreamed of. Thou must know, my friend," said the old Quaker gentleman to whom I was talking, "that when the pestilence raged among the natives of the island in the year 1764, which reduced their number to a mere handful, but which left the whites unscathed, the bluefish disappeared suddenly from our waters."

The superstitious natives looked upon this unaccountable disappearance of the fish, which previously they had caught in immense numbers, as the sure forerunner of the total extinction of their Indian race, as prophesied, and it was even so.

"But," said they bitterly, "when our fire is extinguished and our wigwams have become raised, then the bluefish will return. Then let the shad-belly and the long-tail (as they called the Quakers) look out for his dwellings and his landmarks, that the stranger wrest not his inheritance from him, as he wrested ours from us."

This prophecy has come true to the letter—all the old, original customs of Nantucket's forefathers have disappeared.

Next to Wannockmamock, who was the first sachem with whom the English had any dealings after landing on the island, came Wauwinet, an old Indian chief whose councils were attended by all the different chiefs from the western tribes. His lands began north of Wannockmamock's and ran northwards to a long, sandy point called Coatue, or Nauma, on which our Massachusetts lighthouse now stands, also taking in the whole of Squam. Wauwinet had two sons; the elder was named Isaac, but was mostly called Nicornoose, and his second son was named Wawpordonggo, which means in English, White Face, for his face was on one side white and on the other brown or Indian color.

There is very little more to be told about Wauwinet and his tribe, except that at the good age of eighty-two he was laid to rest beside his father.

After 1800, the relations that existed between the settlers of Nantucket and the Indians were amicable, and the land which the whites bought in nearly every case was honestly paid for. They entered into one another's councils and the whites tried to educate and civilize them. So far as Christianizing them to the faith of the Gospel was concerned, the persevering Quakers succeeded better here than anywhere else. But all efforts to prolong their posterity were in vain—the race was doomed to perish. One by one they departed to their happy hunting grounds, there nevermore to be disturbed. In 1822 the last pure-blooded Indian wrapped his blanket around him and slept with his fathers, which was less than two centuries and a quarter from the discovery of the island. In 1854 Abram Quary, at the age of eighty-two, passed peacefully away. In this man's veins ran the last drop of Indian blood of a once happy and prosperous people.



### Story of "Abraham Quarry," the Last Indian of Nantucket.

It is now sixty-two years since Abraham (or Abram) Quarry, the last Nantucket man with Indian blood in him, died, and there are few persons now living who were acquainted with him, although there must be a number who have recollections of visits to his unpretentious dwelling over on the Shimmo shore in the days when he was a feeble old man living a lonely life without friends or relatives—the last of his race.

The young people of today often hear reference made to "going up harbor off Abram's," or some allusion to "Abram's Point," but few know that it was there the last Nantucket Indian lived his declining years, and parents and grand-parents have long ago ceased relating the story of Abram Quarry—for it is years now since he was called Abraham, even in reminiscence, the name "Abram" apparently being much easier for the Nantucketers to handle than "Abraham." In fact, some writers have referred to him as "Abram Quady," but it is evident that his right name was "Abraham Quarry." A painting of the aged man hangs in the library of the Nantucket Atheneum, where it is the object of great interest, but other than that there is nothing left to keep alive the memories of "the last Nantucket Indian."

We recently came across a rather interesting article regarding "Abraham Quarry," which was written by the late Benjamin Franklin Folger, one of the acknowledged historians of Nantucket. It seems worthy of preservation and is presented herewith:

#### Abraham Quarry.

My personal acquaintance with Abraham Quarry was somewhat limited. His deserted habitation is emblematic of a once powerful and generous race, whose wigwams were planted, either singly or in groups and villages over our hills and plains, and whose language will partially continue, in the familiar proper names which attach to many of our island localities.

I pass over his paternity, leaving it to others to dispute his title to a pure Indian ancestry, premising, however, that it is on this hypothesis that the "Historian of Nantucket" throws him out of the tribe altogether, when he assumes, on page 47, "that the last of the race died in 1822."

In many respects he had the distinctive characteristics of the Indian, and he has been referred to during a score of years as the last of the race. His mother was Sarah Quarry, sometimes called (but always to her displeasure) Apie Quarry, the daughter of Joseph, whose wigwam was on the west side of Sesachachá pond. This was not the principal locality of the Indians, Miacomet, so far as I know, always being the most populous. Joseph Quarry was a principal man and a leader among his people. His daughter Sarah was noted for strength of character and endurance. With her

own hands she built her wigwam, and she was skillful in the construction of baskets and other handiwork common to the Indian. In early life her son was placed in the family of Stephen Chase, where he continued many years. Subsequently, she married John Sampson, but the connection was an unhappy one, and I pass over it.

I remember meeting her on the road to town, many many years ago, in company with some of her neighbors, and that when we came to what the Indians called "Strike-fire Hill," we all halted, that the pipe might then be lighted, it being their wont always to halt here and indulge in smoking.

Abraham was frequent in his visits to the families with whom he made acquaintance, but was distant and reserved with strangers. Once he visited the writer hereof, at 'Sconset, and he amused himself on that afternoon in making a basket of beach grass, which is still in good preservation. He retained the same general outline and bearing in old age which marked him in early life, and he preserved these till a short time before his death. The expression of his face was truly that of the Indian and indicated the strength of character and peculiar intellect which attached to him. A fine painting, representing the interior of his hut, and himself seated in his ample fire-place, by the hand of Mrs. Dassel, and presented by her to the Atheneum, may be referred to not only as a fine specimen of art, but as a truthful expression of the subject delineated.

The writer hereof was very desirous, a year or two before his death, to learn something from Abraham's own lips touching his early life, his ancestry, etc. I heard he was in town and where I should then find him. On presenting the first question touching his age, I discovered that it would be only by dint of perseverance that I should gain the object I sought; and when I unwittingly touched upon a subject which always displeased him, I discovered that Abraham's already decided taciturnity had run into obstinacy and it was in vain that I prolonged the interview, or sought the information that I so much desired. I intended making another effort by proxy, but I deferred till it was too late, and he passed away without giving me those items, which would now enable me to fill an additional space in the present notice.

Notwithstanding his natural reserve, it gave him pleasure to receive his white friends to picnic parties. When he was at home and in readiness for these, it was understood that he would elevate a flag near his dwelling; and on the arrival of his guests, if the welcome was not given in a volume of words, there was a significance in his manner which could never be misunderstood; and this was the best expression of his satisfaction and pleasure. Still, he was particular in little things and to this peculiarity all his visitors were obliged to be deferential. I remember to have heard an anecdote illustrative hereof, and inasmuch as it is common to the Indian, it is another item of individuality, significant to the race to which he belonged.

But to the anecdote. It was related to me by a lady, and I will give it, as near as I recollect it at this distant period, in her own words. In describing Abraham she said:

"He had a perception so quick as to enable him to observe all that passed without appearing to see anything, and an attachment to his own peculiar habits so strong as to set at naught those rules of courtesy and forbearance which his more civilized brethren learn to practice. One pleasant day in the month of September I went with a party out to the picturesque dwelling of Abraham, where arrangement had been previously made for a clam-bake. The house, the only remaining one of an Indian settlement named Shimmo, was situated near enough to the sea-shore to make it a very convenient spot for those parties, known to us by the name of squantums.

We had taken with us all the 'et cetera' of the tea table, for, as may be supposed, the cup of tea, at the close of an afternoon spent in rambling over Shimmo hills, was of more consequence—to the ladies, at least—than the clams. After having gathered a bouquet of wild flowers, I threw myself on the grass, and in imagination I peopled this now desolate spot with its former proprietors and contrasted their proud bearing as they trod their native soil with the not less proud yet more subdued step of the lone one who was now their sole representative.

The spot being a group of hills seemed to me exactly fitted for that mode of warfare peculiar to the Indian.

Deeply imbued with the spirit of the place, I returned to the house and found Abraham making preparation for tea. He had spread the tables and covered them with sheets! 'Tis true they were as white as the driven snow, but our more fastidious tastes preferred those which were table-cloths by night as well as by day. The sheets were carefully re-folded and our own substituted. But before covering them it was remarked that by turning the tables round we should get more room. No sooner was this done than the Indian, who had darted out of the house as soon as we appeared, re-appeared, and although he spoke not, nor did he appear to look at the table or at us, yet he was evidently displeased at something.

One of the company who knew him better than I did said, 'Well, Abraham! What is it?' 'The table don't go so!' was his laconic reply. In vain we explained to him that this was the better way. There he stood, looking his displeasure as well as his determination that they should be placed as they were before. The change was no sooner made than he marched out—with apparent satisfaction. How he discovered that we had made the change is still a mystery! He seemed not to notice anything and yet nothing escaped his observation and scrutiny. He was never seen to look at any of us, yet he took note of every one there, and he was particular to inquire into the pedigree of those whom he had never seen before."

B. F. F.

'Sconset, December 1854.

Dec. 1916



### Memory of Nantucket Indians Retained by Island Names.

Closely reminiscent of its early Indian inhabitants are the names still retained for most of the points of location on the Island of Nantucket, such as Muskeget, Tuckernuck, Madaket, Miacomet, Shimmo, Monomoy, Shawkemo, Quaise, Sankaty, Pocomo, Coatue, Wauwinet, Coskata, Squam, Quidnet, Sesachacha, Polpis, Siasconset and Wannacomet, yet very little is actually known regarding the history of its early Indian settlers.

Records kept by the early white settlers were very brief and sometimes hard to understand, particularly with reference to their contacts with the Indians; and in the great fire in 1846 many of the town's records are said to have been destroyed; most of that which has been written has been handed down by tradition.

Some writers have said that the Indians were treated honorably by the whites, but that "fire-water" was the Indians' greatest enemy and was responsible for their undoing and final extinction.

Other writers on this subject claim the white settlers many times took unfair advantage of the Indians' ignorance to practice fraud upon them and were mostly responsible for the Indians being able to get rum, as the Indians' desire for strong drink was such the whites took advantage of it to get possession of their corn as soon as it was ripe. It was also used as a means of hiring the Indians planting lands, which was often a device used by the white settlers for getting permanent possession of them.

Indians are said to have petitioned Governor Bellemont, protesting the English were claiming their land and converting their cattle to their own use on a pretense of trespassing; that they got no justice from the courts as the judges were interested, they being claimants of the land.

There are records of the courts condemning Indians to be branded on the hands for stealing and of their being sold into slavery if unable to pay a fine. In the many instances in the numerous trials over disputed land it is plain that white settlers did not always make it clear to the Indians just what they were signing.

There are also instances on record where the Indians are said to have put it over on the white settlers. One was when Wanackmamack and Nickanoose, Indian sachems, deeded all the lands on the western end of the island to the English, when the only land rightfully theirs was on the eastern end. The land on the western end of the island belonged to Autopscoot and his tribe.

When the first white family, Thomas Macy, wife and five children, sailed to the island in an open boat and arrived in the year 1659, there is supposed to have been between 600 and 800 Indians living on the island who had come in canoes, hopping from the mainland and island to island until they at last reached the "Far Away Island" where they decided to stay and make their home.

The Indians who settled on Nantucket were of the Wamponoag tribe, governed by chief Massasoit, who was their ruler from 1580 to 1661. He was very friendly with the whites and made a treaty with them which was not broken for fifty years.

At his death his son Metacomet succeeded him as chief of the tribe and as their ruler was known as King Philip. Becoming suspicious of the whites, he planned an outbreak which filled the colonies for a long time with burnings and massacres.

Some time about 1670 King Philip is said to have visited the island, seeking the help of the Indians on Nantucket in his revolt against the whites, but, being unsuccessful, he sought to slay John Gibbs, an Indian preacher, who persuaded the Indians not to join the revolt. John Gibbs, it is said, was saved by white settlers who secreted him in their homes.

There is an Indian legend, oft-repeated, that chief Autopscoot ruled the tribe on the western end and Wauwinet was sachem of the tribe on the eastern end of the island. Wauwinet had a daughter who was very beautiful and had a reputation for successfully healing the sick.

The western tribe was afflicted with a pestilence and Autopscoot sent for Wonoma, who came and administered to them successfully. Autopscoot and Wonoma fell in love. Later a quarrel arose between the two tribes over ownership of land and Wauwinet planned a surprise attack on Autopscoot, but Wonoma, hearing of the plan, was sorely harassed between her duty to her father and to her tribe and her love for Autopscoot. Love finally prevailed and she departed in the night, made the trip and warned Autopscoot.

When Wauwinet found Autopscoot prepared he called the attack off. Later the young chief sought Wauwinet, told him of his daughter's devotion and asked her hand in marriage. Wauwinet consented, the land question was settled and the two tribes lived peacefully ever after.

In 1763 a mysterious epidemic smote the Indians but spared the whites and out of 300 or more who had not already succumbed to John Barleycorn, it is said 222 died, 34 recovered, 36 escaped disease and 18 were saved by being at sea. Abram Quarry, who died in 1854, is credited by many as being the last man with Indian blood in him, but I have met several who claim to trace lineage back to their Indian ancestors.

It is the claim of some that Indians should be given credit for the start of the whaling industry. It is related that in 1672 a small whale called a "scragg" came into the Wesco harbour, and tradition says the Indians showed their white neighbors how to go after it with a harpoon and how to try out the blubber and salvage the bone.

Many Nantucket Indians are known to have sailed the seas and to all parts of the world in Nantucket's famous whaleships.

John R. Barreau.

49 Mechanics Lane.  
New Bedford, Mass.

### Says She Talked With Quarry.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

I wish to correct the date of the death of the Indian, Abram Quarry, for I saw him in 1857 and talked with him in the house of Franklin Murphey's wife's mother. When he died after that I do not know. I am positive of this, for I did not come to the island until that year—in October, 1857.

Mrs. C. Mendell.

[Abram Quarry, or Abraham Quady, died on the 25th of November, 1854. Local histories and guide-books have, however, always given the date of his death as 1855, which date has been generally accepted as correct. The Nantucket Inquirer, on the 27th of November, 1854, records the death of Quarry as occurring the previous Saturday morning—the 25th—at the age of 82 years and 10 months. For the benefit of our readers we have copied from our files the exact notice of his death as printed at that time.—Ed.]

In this town, on Saturday morning last, Abraham Quady, aged 82 years and 10 months.

June 10, 1911



ABRAHAM QUARY

The last Nantucket man with Indian blood in him, who died November 25, 1854, aged 82 years, 10 months.

The house on Shimmo Point formerly occupied by Abraham Quarry took fire on Friday afternoon, and was entirely consumed. Thus the last habitation of the oldest survivor of the once powerful tribe of Indians which inhabited this Island is swept away. This house has been unoccupied since the death of 'Abram,' and is supposed to have been fired by some mischievous boys.

May 17, 1857





**Benjamin Tashma's Door-stone.**

The accompanying snap-shots were taken last Tuesday morning when Benjamin Tashma's "door-stone" was about to be placed in the ground in front of the entrance to the fire-proof building of the Nantucket Historical Association. The big stone weighs about 1800 pounds and has been in the possession of the society a number of years.

The upper photograph shows the stone as blocks were being placed beneath it, in order that it might be raised and tipped over into the hole. What appears to be the bottom of the stone in the picture became the top of the stone after it was set, and it is nearly flat.

The lower photograph is a view of the stone just as it was to fall over into the hole and shows the under surface of the door-stone.



JULY 28, 1917

### Recollections of Abram Quady.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

In your paper of June 10th there is a reference to Abram Quady, as to the year in which he died. From that I presume there has been some previous mention of the "Last Indian on Nantucket," but if so it has escaped my notice.

If he died in 1854, I was not yet ten years old, and my recollections of him are so vivid it seems it must have been later than that date. However, I cannot gainsay the Mirror's notice of his death.

He lived in Shimmo, on land belonging to my grandfather, Hezekiah Swain. His house was small, comprising two rooms, and in one there was an old-fashioned fire-place with its crane, hanging hooks, kettles, fire-irons, etc. These were a constant source of curiosity and interest to us, as children. I can remember well his skill in using them while doing his cooking. His baking was done in a pan hung over a pile of wood ashes. I seem to see him now, sitting in a straight-backed chair, with his legs crossed, holding a long-stemmed pipe in his left hand, watching the fire, and at times lifting the cover of the pan to see how his bread was doing.

Near his house was a garden spot, fenced in, where he raised several kinds of vegetables. On going into his house we would notice little bunches of seed corn, of sage, and other herbs, which he was fond of gathering, for he knew the use of them all. We used often to see him walking about the fields, or working in his garden. His farming tools—hoes, rakes and such—were kept in good order. I remember that my grandfather used to plough the field for Quady's garden in the spring, and probably he helped him with seeding.

After grandfather's death, in 1849, the land at Shimmo was used by his children, principally by my father, Aaron Swain. Quady carried on some farming there, and many a day we children worked hard with him, pulling weeds, hoeing corn, or gathering the crops. During these days we would see much of the old Indian.

At first, we, as children naturally would be, were a little shy of him, and I remember at one time my sister Emma got a great fright, and ran screaming to my father, who smiled at her nervousness. I do not think Quady cared much for us (the children) as we, in our interests, were apt to touch his things, of which he was very particular, and which were kept in good order. But he was always kind to the grown people, gave them welcome and was glad to see them.

Whenever a party of people drove out to Shimmo for a day's outing, as they often did, he would always set a table out of doors for them, and he was noted for having snowy white table cloths. He heated water, and did any other small service for them, and I dare say some are still living who have enjoyed a picnic lunch from Quady's table.

I never heard him speak of his wife or children, but he may have had them at one time. He spoke English, but how well I do not remember; nor do I know whether he could read or write. Perhaps my sister, Mrs. Mary Chinery, who is four years older than myself, can recall more than I do.

His lot seemed a pathetic one—for his was a peculiar loneliness—with no one to speak his own tongue, and the thought before him always that he was the last of a departing race.

I think the year before he died, he was persuaded to go to the almshouse, for his friends were not then in a position to do very much for him, and they felt in his lonely old age he would be better cared for there, than alone in his little house at Shimmo. A few years later the house was burned down.

He was an interesting figure in Nantucket's history, and it would be pleasant to hear from others who knew him, their recollections of him. There must be still living, several who knew and talked with him.

Any relics of his life and occupations would be of real interest to Nantucketers, and perhaps the Historical Society may have such relics.

A reproduction of the old fire-place, with its outfit of crane, hooks, kettles and irons, would be very interesting.

His name, as I recall, was Quady.

Richard Swain.

Shanghai, China, U. S. P. Office,  
August 18th, 1911.

### The Father of Nantucket.

From "The Family Magazine" of 1837.

We have been favoured with a copy of manuscript history, of no doubtful authority, which states that Thomas Macy was the first white person that settled on the island of Nantucket, and which contains some amusing incidents in relation to his history.

In the year 1655, King Philip, the sachem of Mount Hope, went to Nantucket with his retinue in pursuit of one of his tribe who was guilty of the enormous crime of sacrilege, inasmuch as he had taken the name of a deceased sachem in vain.

The name of the criminal was As-sasam, (John Gibbs), and the impious act which he had committed had aroused the indignation of his whole tribe. Philip and his suite landed from their canoes, on the west end of the island, and travelled to the settlement on the east end, where the criminal had taken refuge.

On his arrival there, the criminal fled to good old Thomas, (whom both whites and Indians loved and respected), implored his protection, and was concealed. Philip demanded him, and became so warlike that an assembly of the white inhabitants took place, when a treaty was entered into by the parties, one condition of which was that Philip should have all the money on the island, if he would relieve the criminal.

A collection took place, nineteen shillings was raised for Philip, and he returned to Mount Hope satisfied. Mr. Macy was equally happy in his whole system of government, and was highly esteemed from the fact that he was the first white inhabitant of the island.

Jan. 11, 1901



## Abram Quarry and His P.

By Miss Grace Brown Gardner.

For several months recently visitors to the Atheneum Library have missed the well-known portrait of Abram Quarry. It now hangs in its accustomed place on the south wall of the main room, near the door of the reading room. The canvas has been stretched and thoroughly cleaned, and the frame repaired. Details of the picture, which were obscured by the dust and grime of many years, now stand out clear and colorful. The restoration was done by Alfred Jakstas of Boston, after consultation with the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Little is known of the artist, except that her name was Mrs. Dassell and that she was of French extraction. At the time that the portrait was painted the present reading room was used as a studio by the late George G. Fish, and the finishing touches were done in that room and the portrait presented to the Atheneum by Mrs. Dassell.

Abram Quarry seems to have been something of an enigma during his lifetime, and the various stories which have been associated with his name since his death have passed into the realm of legendry. All agree that he was the last male representative of the race of Nantucket Indians, but beyond that there is a wide difference of opinion.

An article by the well-known Nantucket historian, Benjamin Franklin Folger, dated 'Sconset 1854, is perhaps the most authentic account. In it he states that the mother of Abram Quarry was Sarah Quarry, the daughter of Joseph, whose wigwam was on the west side of Sesachacha Pond. Joseph Quarry was a leader among his people, and his daughter was noted for her skill in the construction of baskets and other handiwork common to the Indians.

In early life Abram was placed in the home of Stephen Chase, where he continued for many years. He was always distant and reserved with strangers, but friendly with his acquaintances. On a visit to Mr. Folger in 'Sconset he amused himself by making for a present a basket of beach grass which was in good preservation at the time the article was written.

Picnic parties to his home on Abram's Point were very popular. When he was at home and in the proper mood he would raise a flag near his dwelling to show that guests were welcome. It was very necessary, however, for all visitors to be deferential to his peculiarities, and idle questions were not in order.

Mr. Folger attempted a year or two before Abram's death to learn from his own lips concerning his early life and ancestry, but the subject seemed displeasing and "Abram's already decided taciturnity had run into obstinacy" and the attempt brought no results.



NANTUCKET ATHENEUM'S PORTRAIT OF ABRAM QUARRY BY MRS. DASSELL.  
Last male Nantucket Indian, who died Nov. 25, 1854, in his 83rd year.



DORCAS HONORABLE  
The last of the Nantucket Indians, who died on Jan. 12, 1855, aged 79.

In an interview published in the Boston Sunday Globe in 1910, Mr. Folger speaks of Abram Quarry as a lone man, dignified but very poor, who gained his living by picking berries and gathering herbs and doing odd jobs. He spoke of Monomoy as the site of his cabin. He tells a story of some relic hunters who went to Monomoy and began digging at the graves of the Indians buried there. Abram got his gun and went after them. He was arrested and brought into court. His plea that they were disturbing the graves of his ancestors appealed to the court and he was discharged with a mild reprimand.

Quite different is the account given by R. A. Douglas-Lithgow, who wrote

a pamphlet on Nantucket Indians, as well as devoting much space to them in his book "Nantucket: A History". In this book he speaks of Quarry as a half-breed who was the son of Judith Quarry, also a half-breed and a fortune teller, and the notorious Indian Quibby who was hanged for the murder of Harry Gardner.

This story also is found in the book "Miriam Coffin," by Col. Joseph C. Hart, published in 1834. Judith Quarry is pictured in somewhat livid colors, as the fortune teller who predicted dire futures for two of the characters in that famous novel.

Capt. Richard Swain in 1911 writes from Shanghai, China, giving his boyish recollections of Abram Quady

—as he spells it. He says that Quady lived at Shimmo on land belonging to his grandfather, Hezikiah Swain. Each spring his grandfather plowed land for a small garden where Quady raised a few vegetables. He also collected and dried herbs. Capt Swain describes the interior of Quady's house, his description agreeing closely with the Atheneum picture. He states that the year before his death friends persuaded Quady to go to the almshouse, where he could receive better care than in the little house at Shimmo. A few years later, the house was burned down.

Dorcas Honorable, the last full-blooded Indian, also died at the almshouse the following year. She was the last of her race.

[Dorcas Honorable was born April 27, 1776. Her father was Isaac Earop and her mother Sarah Tashma.]

In that same year—1911—a lady writes the editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror* in order to correct the date of Abram Quarry's death. She said she talked with him in 1857 in the house of Franklin Murphey wife's mother. And she is positive concerning the date. The editor very diplomatically prints her entire communication, but adds that *The Inquirer and Mirror* of the 27th of November, 1854, records the death of Quarry as occurring the previous Saturday morning at the age of eighty-two years.

William Crosby Bennett, a frequent contributor to the columns of *The Inquirer and Mirror*, writes under the caption of "Legends and Stories of Nantucket" in the issue of August 16, 1947, that in his youth Quarry, like so many of his red brothers, followed the sea and was known as a faithful hand upon a whaler. "Later he became the prince of Nantucket caterers, and without his assistance no evening entertainment was deemed quite complete." He had a lonely old age, his wife and all his children dying before him.

In the "Doings of the Nantucket Historico-Genealogical Society" for November 2, 1872, there is an article by the well-known Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford. It discusses the religious history of Nantucket Indians. She does not know whether Abraham (for she uses the full name) Quarry was ever connected with any church, but speaks of having at one time a short conversation with him on religious subjects in which he spoke of his child who died a sad casualty and "expressed sorrowful yet Christian submission to the Divine will."

In these various accounts of the subject of the historic Atheneum portrait, one fact stands out clearly: all agree that the dignity and pathos which the artist has so clearly indicated were in truth the attributes of Abram Quarry, a man who was respected by all as the last male survivor of the Indians of Nantucket.

MARCH 26. 1949.



[For the Inquirer and Mirror.]  
**MANTA TASHIMA.\***

ARTHUR MITCHELL.

I.  
Manta! Manta! Where is Manta?  
Moan the winds across the moor;  
Manta! Manta! Where is Manta?  
Sob the salt waves on the shore.  
Where, O where the sachem's daughter?  
She whose loss we do deplore;  
She who dwelt by Eat-fire's water,  
Shall we never see her more?

II.  
Gently lave the shells and shallows  
All along thy shores, O sea!  
Winds that blow across the marshes,  
Breathe your sweetest melody!

III.  
For ye know not but she listens,  
You perhaps her ear may reach;  
For she loved you, and may haunt you  
In the twilight on the beach.

IV.  
And perhaps her spirit through you—  
Breathing music of the blest—  
By its gentle undulation  
Soothes some weary one to rest.

V.  
Manta, pride of all her people,  
Last and best of all before,  
Till the pale-face came to blight thee,  
Thou and those who were of yore.

VI.  
Say that it is but illusion,  
Holding all our wills in thrall;  
Illusion builds our fairest castles,  
Who would sacrifice them all?

VII.  
Past and present, and the future,  
To the elements are one;  
Mortals are immortals fitting  
For a moment in the sun.

VIII.  
Many moons have grown to fulness,  
Many moons have waned away;  
Many Summers, many Winters,  
Backward stepping day by day.

IX.  
With the fleeting beats of motion  
Pulse the forces of the year,  
As the rhythmic tides of ocean,  
Sometimes far, and sometimes near.

X.  
A century or more but listens  
To the rippling waters low;  
Tis the brook beneath the willow  
That has never ceased to flow.

XI.  
And the winds are ever moaning  
O'er the marshes, cross the moor,  
Manta! Manta! Where is Manta?  
Shall we never see her more?  
Vainly do we pause and listen  
For an answer; o'er and o'er—  
As an echo oft re-echoed,  
Far and near along the shore—  
Hear we only salt-seas lapping,  
Sobbing on the lonely shore.  
Manta! Manta! Where is Manta?  
Shall we never see her more?  
And the distant, tireless billows,  
With their ever mournful roar,  
Is the voice of the Atlantic  
Saying ever, Nevermore!

\*Manta was the last princess of a tribe of Indians living on the eastern portion of the island of Nantucket, near Eat-fire Spring. She was the daughter of Benjamin Tashima (the last chief of his people) and is said to have been very beautiful. Tashima became a convert to the Christian faith and taught the children of his tribe during the week and preached to his people Sundays. Eat-fire Spring was so named by the Indians because of the remarkable coldness of the water.

**Maushope.**

(Nantucket Indian Legend)

Tall proud redskins used to go  
Many many moons ago  
Undisturbed along Cape Cod  
Fishing without reel or rod  
Hunting with the mighty bow.  
Came one day a bird so vast  
Like a cloud its shadow cast  
On the silver sand—  
Evil bird from distant land—  
Swooping downward as it passed  
Carried all the babes away  
Snatched them up and flew away.  
All the Indians rose in wrath  
Storming down the old warpath—  
Cried, "To Maushope we will pray—  
Maushope, giant great and strong—  
Save our children from this fate  
Search the sullen sea above  
Save the children that we love—  
E'er it is too late."

Maushope splashed with angry stride  
Out and through the surging tide  
Til he'd crossed the roaring sound—  
Reached Nantucket's lonely ground  
Called the children far and wide—  
Called the children to his side—

Saved the children every one—  
Then setting down at set of sun  
Maushope filled his pipe with poke  
To rest and have a quiet smoke  
Pleased to know his task was done—  
Ever since old timers say—  
When fog blows in Nantucket Bay—  
"Here comes the giant Indian's  
smoke  
Maushope's pipe is full of poke  
Remembering that fabled day."

—Eleanor Dixon Glidden.

Jan. 7, 1950

[For the Inquirer and Mirror.]  
**An Ancient Document.**

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The following deed, executed 184 years ago on Nantucket, has recently come into my possession. Its publication may interest some of your readers of antiquarian tastes:  
P. M.

This Bargain and Sale Made the 27th day of June: 1701: Witnesseth that Moamvg an Indian of Nantucket have bargained and solde unto Mira on hors Commonage or pastvage on the Island of Nantucket for a valuable Consideration by Mira payde, the Receipt wherof I do acknowledg to my full Satisfaction and Content before the Signing and Sealing of these presence I Moamvg aforesaid do therfor Sell Alline Ratfiffe and Confirme pastvredg or Liberty for the keeping on hors on the Island of Nantucket unto — Mira aforesaid, to him his heirs and Assigns for Ever To Have and to Holde and peaceably to Injoy the Said Liberty to him his heirs and assigns for Ever hearby binding me my heirs and assigns for Ever to Warrantise and defend Said Sale and Liberty against any person or person whatsoever Laying Claim thereto by from or vnder me, in witnes whearof I have pvt to my hand and Seal the day and year above Written.

Signed Sealed and delivered in the presence of

Witness	William Gayer	Moomak [L. S.]
	Isaac Colman	
Recorded in the New	The above Written	
book of Records,	Instrument was Ac-	
August the thirtieth	knowleged by Moa-	
Seventeen Hundred	mak to be his ackt	
and One.	and deed on Nan-	
	tucket Jvly ye 9:	
	1701 befor me	
	William Gayer	
	Justice Peace	

JULY 18, 1885.

**"Thereby Hangs a Tale."**

In Mrs. Jane G. Austin's entertaining book, "Nantucket Scraps," she twice refers to the old Newtown gate as being near the spot where the only gallows ever used on the island was erected, and to the solitary execution that took place there, the victim having been an Indian. Of course the statement was made upon information or mis-information received by the writer while sojourning here, and the mis-statement goes to show that her informants had read our local history very carelessly, or else had not read it at all.

It seems a pity to spoil the poetry of the thing by reminding all readers who have forgotten the facts, as well as all non-readers of old chronicles, that our good clausires appear not to have been troubled much with conscientious scruples about capital punishment. Indeed, considering the small population of the island, the number of deaths under the law within a period of little more than half a century shows that a stern justice was administered with almost Draconian severity.

The historian Obed Macy, whose work Mrs. Austin compliments as being generally correct and reliable, although somewhat antiquated in style, informs us that from the best information obtainable by him, as many as ten executions had taken place on our island between 1704 and 1769. In a foot-note at the bottom of the page he goes further, giving us names and dates as follows: Finch, 1704; Sabo, Jo. Nobby, 1736; Heppy Comfort, 1739; John Comfort, 1745; Henry Jude, 1750; Tom Ichabod, Joel Elisa, Simon Hews, Nathan Quibby, 1769. He adds then the ten persons named were all native Indians, that they all perished by hanging, and that the crime in each and every case was murder. In this instance Obed, like most other conscientious historians, has proved a terrible iconoclast against his own wishes, it would seem, for he lamely tries to apologize for proceedings so utterly repugnant to his own views, and intimates a doubt whether local public sentiment ever at any time was in harmony with such a law. If his dates are correct, the year 1769 was exceptionally prolific in executions, and that they are so, is highly probable from the fact that he began collecting his material while such events were still within the memory of men and women then living. In the year 1769, the historian was himself a lad of six years, and perhaps had personal knowledge of the facts, though he may not have actually witnessed the tragedy.

We can have little doubt then that ten red men,—perhaps more, have been put to death on our island by judicial authority, and the best we can do after admitting this fact is to make a boast involving a rather questionable kind of pride that no white man has ever been hanged here to our knowledge. But it is quite possible that there may have been a few now and then, who, like some of Dr. Johnson's wife's relatives, deserved hanging.

It is presumable that each of the culprits who were executed had the benefit of a trial before such courts as were then in vogue, but we have met with no record official or otherwise of the proceedings. Nor have we any new information to furnish as to the localities where the several executions took place. Newtown gate may, or may not have been the first, last and only Tyburn of Nantucket, and perhaps some of our antiquarian readers can throw further light upon the subject. The author of "Miriam Coffin" sketches the character of Quibby, sends him on a

whaling voyage, and makes him murder one of his shipmates on the very day that the vessel arrived home, but how much of this is history, or how much is fiction, we confess ourselves unable to determine. Most of the personages and incidents of the story had some foundation in real life and fact, but the license of the novelist has been freely used, and the result is a queer jumble of anachronisms and incongruities, but at the same time a clever and fascinating story.

March 31, 1883

Aug. 22, 1885

18



## Miss Macy Carved Portrait of Abram Quarry.

From New Bedford Standard-Times.

Nantucket, Aug. 18—Sometimes called "scrap island", Nantucket's fame as a unique whaling center withstands all attempts to lower that tradition. Bound up with the whaling prominence goes a still continuing tradition and skill in handicrafts. Pouring from previous generations who made their own whaleships, carved the delicate scrimshaw, built their simple, well-proportioned island homes, comes a genuine creative spirit.

Miss Aletha Macy, descendant of one of the island's original settlers, is an outstanding example of the creative artist whose ability is a direct result of her inheritance. Her recently completed wood-carving of Abram Quarry, last of the Nantucket Indians, is proof, because except for her early training in the use of wood-working tools under the late Lincoln Ceeley, Nantucket cabinet-maker, Miss Macy is an untrained artist.

The new portrait-study carved from a 1-inch plank of rock maple, 18 by 22 inches, is the first such work done by Miss Macy, who has been recognized previously for her skill in cabinet-making, chip-carving, reverse painting on glass, and oils and water-colors.

The study shows Abram Quarry by his fireplace in the crude Shimmo hut where he lived all his adult years. At his feet rests a basket of herbs. Behind him a window opens on the distant town of Nantucket with the belltower of the Unitarian Church faintly discernible in the background. Patience and a sad recognition of his racial loneliness on his own island are emphasized in his face.

The portrait, which has already been highly praised by off-island art critics, notably John E. Bird, Boston portrait painter, will be shown at the Kenneth Taylor Galleries, where the annual exhibition of the Artists' Association opened Tuesday. According to Miss Macy, Mr. Bird's comments indicated amazement that she has completed such a remarkable portrait with no assistance from anyone. The task took about seven months to complete and Mr. Bird valued it at \$1,000.

The story of Abram Quarry is an interesting one, Miss Macy said. Growing increasingly fascinated by the man's personality as she brought him to life on the rock maple board, she dug into old island newspapers and went through letters contemporaneous with his death in 1854 for details.

From these sources she learned that Abram obviously came from good, peace-loving Indian stock. His home wigwam was on the west side of Sesachacha Pond, not ordinarily the site of Indian homes. Franklin Folger, writing in 1854, from 'Sconset, said that while both Sarah and Joseph, parents of Abram, were leaders among their people, they placed their son in the white home of the Steven Chases. There he lived for many years, learning the ways of his white neighbors but remaining loyal to his own people whom he visited frequently. Mr. Folger also mentioned the oil painting made while Abram was living alone in his Shimmo hut by a French artist. It was a worn old photograph of this portrait that Miss Macy used as her model for the wood-carving.

Another record, located by Miss Macy, is of the same period and was written by George Franklin Folger, formerly custodian of the Nantucket Atheneum. He tells the story of Abram's brush with the Nantucket law courts—apparently the only time he became so involved.

Off-island visitors, interested in Indian remains, and armed with shovels, began a thorough digging of the Monomoy area—one of the spots where early Indians were said to be buried. Presumably looking for arrowheads, weapons or utensils used by the red-skinned natives, they were suddenly interrupted by the sudden, angry appearance of Abram. Gun in hand he ordered them away from the place.

Arrested and brought into court, the judge queried Abram on the reason for his belligerent behavior. "They were disturbing the graves of my ancestors," was the rejoinder.

Gravely the judge pushed his probing questions. "Would you have shot them if they had continued in the face of your protests?" the judge went on. "Yes," the Indian's answer was sober and thoughtful, "I would." Fully understanding the position of the sole remaining member of his race, the judge sympathized with the man and permitted him to leave court with only a minor reprimand as punishment.

Another anecdote told by Miss Macy and taken from the Folger record concerns a group of boys who called on Abram one day. In his house was a small model ship which he had made. Coveting the lovely little thing, the boys asked the Indian what he would take for it. "Your head," was his grim response. The record ends with the comment that no attempt was made to pursue the negotiations further.

In 1911 Richard Swain wrote from Shanghai of his memories of the old man. He emphasized, Miss Macy said, the hospitality of Abram, who frequently entertained unexpected visitors.

On a day's outing to Shimmo, Nantucketers would be greeted kindly by Abram. He would spread an outdoor table with a snowy cloth (he was noted for the whiteness of his table coverings), heat water for tea and do countless other small services before he would disappear quietly into the woods, not to return until the party had packed their picnic baskets and returned to town.

Mr. Swain's letter ended with a description of Quarry's last days which were spent in the almshouse. It was with reluctance that friends persuaded the old man to give up his two-room hut and move there. Unable to help him as they would have wished, they knew that the care Abram needed would be given him there. After his death a fire of unknown origin razed the small shack—and the last trace of one of the island's most interesting personalities vanished.

Understanding of old Abram, an obvious perhaps Miss Macy's intuitive quality in her carved portrait, stems a little from her strong sense of loss at the passing of her old teacher, Mr. Ceeley. "Never was that loss greater than this winter," Miss Macy said, "when I had to work alone without his kindly criticism to guide me."

Standing in front of an oil painting of Mr. Ceeley which now hangs on her wall, Miss Macy admitted that one night working late she suddenly felt that the technical problems of carving the Indian's face were beyond her. "It seemed I could not go on without him. I felt so desperate I was on the point of giving up the whole thing."

"And then almost as though he were in the room with me I could hear him say 'Go back and cut deep. Cut deep.'"

A feeling of complete calm settled on the artist and she returned to her work with confidence and courage. That night she carved until the sun touched the walls of her work-room.

In discussing the beginnings of her creative life, Miss Macy first refers to her inheritance through the Macys

and the Dunhams, both hand-minded, capable men. "As a child," she said, "I troubled my mother repeatedly because I would hammer, nail, or try to carve any wood which came my way—floors, walls, furniture." She was according to her mother's views, "a destructive child."

Whittling and building continued a spare-time occupation until at 11 she went to work for Mr. Ceeley, painting Happy Jacks, the sailor weather-vanes which were a popular item in the cabinetmaker's shop. By her 15th birthday she had progressed sufficiently in skill to make a Martha Washington mirror as a gift to her mother.

"The training Mr. Ceeley gave me couldn't have been better," she said. "For him everything had to be exactly right. Half-way measures were not good enough. I have always been grateful that he kept my standards high."

During the years since those early days, Miss Macy's talent has matured and strengthened until now she has come to be recognized as an artist of outstanding ability. Excellent examples of her cabinet work, her oil paintings and chip-carving are in many Nantucket homes as well as in mainland cities. Mrs. S. Leo Thurston, of Nantucket, owns a lyre table, a small desk, a canthus leaf mirror, an exquisite grandmother's clock and a carved full rigged ship, all done by the Nantucket artist. Other lovely pieces are owned by Miss Gladys Wood, Walter Coffin and Henry A. L. Sand of New York and Nantucket, who bought the painting of the ship, the Nathan B. Palmer.

Beyond the creative joy of working in wood, oils and watercolors, Miss Macy has one other major interest. Since girlhood she has loved horses and delighted in riding. When the Autumn fairs were still an integral part of each season, Miss Macy used to delight in racing with others around the track of the old Fairgrounds.

In spite of a serious back injury which precludes active participation in the sport now, she finds a horse a rewarding companion. She is, therefore, caretaker of two fine riding horses recently purchased by Mrs. Mitchell Todd of Nantucket. One of these is a palomino, the other a black Tennessee walking horse.

In the paddock behind her charming four-room house furnished with her own craft work, Miss Macy will be in charge of the two well-bred animals when Mrs. Todd and members of her family are not exercising them on Nantucket's moorlands.

"I find horses satisfactory," she explains, "because they are intelligent and real personalities. They have their days, just like humans, when they feel nervous and fractious—and other days when just living is so easy and fine that nothing would ever frighten them. If horses are treated with consideration, the same kind of thoughtfulness you give your friends, they respond wonderfully and can be trusted to be loyal and willing."

If care of horses and creativeness seem, on first thought, wide apart, additional consideration will reveal beneath the surface a real kinship. Both require deep understanding of values and an honest devotion and care in mastering details and technical control. A master artist such as Miss Macy finds a satisfactory release in her sympathetic love of fine horses.

Sept. 1, 1951

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Mr. Editor:

### Indian Names of Nantucket.

The following list of Indian names, found in the various records of Nantucket and adjacent islands, as designations of persons and places, has been collected through a series of years. In only a few cases has the undersigned been able to discover the English translation of these words. They are now published with a desire to gain the following information.

1. Any correction or variation in spelling that may come to the knowledge of any reader of this list.
2. Additions to this list.
3. It is especially desirable to secure the English equivalent to these Indian words.

The undersigned will be pleased to receive any aid that may enable him to complete and perfect a list of Nantucket Indian names and their English equivalents.

Tuckernuck—a loaf of bread.	
Quaise—Reed land.	
Coatic—a long point.	
Miacomet—a meeting place.	
Weweeder—a pair of horns.	
Wesco, or	
Wesko—White stone.	
Wannacomet—The pond fields.	
Toupeh—Teepee; or Wigwam.	
Nanahuma.	Mioxes.
Nantucket.	Chappomis.
Masquetuck.	Tetaukimmo.
Maddequet, or Mad-	Popsquatchet.
equet.	Quanatec, or Quamaty.
Muskeget.	Tashma.
Nobadeer, or Neba-	Ease.
deer.	Jehoop.
Polpis, or Podpis.	Easake.
Moona.	Taudy.
Monomoy.	Panchama.
Shimo.	Ticcoma.
Shawkemo.	Munke.
Pocomo.	Toto.
Nauma.	Netawar.
Coskata.	Jusap.
Wauwinet.	Poppomer.
Squam.	Spotsor.
Wanackmamack.	Topsha.
Okorwaw.	Poppoiner.
Quidnit.	Harcalus.
Cotockta.	Peteray.
Herrecater.	Nonish.
Cheegin.	Never, or Neaver.
Weecodoy.	Esor.
Socquoy.	Wossey.
Sachacha.	Homney.
Sankota, or Sankaty.	Cordody.
Peedee.	Apte.
Naphtecoy.	Micha.
Canoopache.	Sponak.
Pochick.	Echaraca.
Siasconset.	Massasoit.
Maddequecham.	

Most of the names at the head of the list are designations of localities on the island. Massasoit is the Indian name of the bridge across Long pond, not far from its southern end. Was this a Nantucket name or was it imported from the Plymouth colony?

The names from "Tashma" to "Echaraca," inclusive, are copied from a list of Indian names of persons found in an old bible several years ago.

MYRON S. DUDLEY.

NANTUCKET, Mass., July 11, '94.

### Nantucket Indian Names.

Mr. Editor:

The subject of the Indian names of Nantucket history seems to have been but little cared for by the people of the island, if one may judge by the few published cases of given meanings. In view of the love of Nantucketers for their island home, this seems very strange. The history of any place is made more clear and vivid, as well as nearer the inner truth, by knowledge of the meaning of old names, however used—just as coins and stamps go far toward building up the record of a country. The following list of names, taken at random from Macy's book and from an indistinct copy of Ewer's map, is offered for your readers to work out, if they please, while bearing in mind that the spellings are by sound, and writers differ about them. It should also be remembered that the words are built up of single-syllable words, that nan seems to mean high—tuck, a reed, or edible reed root in the sense of bread—corn, a field—mad and que, low and wet—oy, round—et, place—while er and broad are sounds without meaning, as in English, and used to soften the joining of two harsh words, or a harsh ending.

Nantucket, Muskeget, Mopque, Maddeket, Tuckernuck, Cappamet, Potconet, Narabuma, Tawtemeo, Poquoy, Mioxes, Wannacomet, Autopsot, Miacomet, Weweeder, Mika, Wesco, Popsquatchet, Coasue, Monomoy, Acquidness, Shimmo, Shawkemo, Coatue, Taupawsha, Tetaukimmo, Moona, Nobadeer, Quaise, Masquetuck, Polpis, Nashayte, Okorwaw, Wanackmamack, Chappomis, Maddequecham, Toupeh, Tashama, Pochick, Siasconset, Kadooda, Tonsonico, Sankoty, Naphtecoy, Sesachacha, Quidnet, Squam, Pocomo, Henecater, Cotockta, Wauwinet, Coskata, Bochochecho, Wawpondonggo, Nauma, Weecodnoy, Spotsor, Quamaty, Hyacommet, Veedee, Wauquitaquay, Abnersant, Socquoy, Nickanoose, Massauquet, Massasoit.

The student and writer whose work often graces your columns, as well as others of like kind not yet heard from, may find pleasure and mental profit in the subject. So hoping, I remain, with regards

Yours truly,  
HALF-ISLANDER.

### An Old-Time Ballad.

We drove the Indians out of the land,  
But a dire revenge those red men  
planned;  
For they fastened a name to every  
nook  
And every boy with a spelling book  
Will have to wait till his hair turns  
gray  
Before he can spell them the proper  
way.

The islands in Buzzards Bay are these:  
Cuttyhunk, Pennikese,  
Nashawena, Pasquenese,  
Great Naushon, Nonamesset,  
Uncatena, and Weepecket.

But do not yet of your memory boast,  
Take another look along our coast.

There's Chappaquiddick, Katama,  
Menemsha bight,  
Monomoy, Siasconset, and Nobsque  
Light,

There's Quemquamquissett and Monohanset,  
Menauhant, Cotuit, Cataumet, and  
Ganset,  
Tuckernuck, Sippecan; then comes  
Cohasset,  
Muskeget, Nantucket, Teaticket, and  
Pocasset,

There's Titticut, Sankaty Head, Cotocheeset,  
Squibnocket, Satucket, and then Matakeeset,  
Succanesset, Namasket, Waquoit,  
Coonemesset,  
Mattapoisett, and Mashpee, last of all  
Nauset.

—Author Unknown.

### Black Matthew's.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

I rode over the newly-built part of the Polpis road a few days ago with contractor John C. Ring, and he certainly is doing a fine job, and the town, when it is completed, will have added a valuable asset to its list. And when the road is laid through to 'Sconset, it will be something every citizen will feel proud of. What it means in bettering real estate values is already apparent; but when its entire length is completed, it is sure to put Sesachacha and Sankaty Heights, as well as Quidnet and Wauwinet, prominently on the map.

And during our ride, we came across one gang of laborers busily engaged in digging away a knoll at the bend of the roadway as you approach Folger's hill from Nantucket—a bit of elevation that hid approaching vehicles from each other, making a dangerous turn. In excavating there they unearthed the foundation of a dwelling, and it could not be ascertained at once who had occupied it.

It occurred to the writer that but one person now living would know, and he put the question to Richard E. Burgess, whose boyhood was spent much of the time on the farm of his grandfather, David Worth, on the opposite side of the road. He did not remember the house, but had often heard his grandfather speak of it and of its having been owned and occupied by Black Matthew, an Indian contemporary of Abram Quady—the latter the last of his race on the island, and who Mr. Burgess remembers well, for Abram often spent a few days in his grandfather's home.

Mr. Burgess has promised to show me the exact site of Abram's dwelling, as well as the location of his grave, which should be marked by proper tablets.

Roland B. Hussey.

October 19, 1920.

### The Indian Villages of Nantucket.

There were numerous villages all over our island. Unfortunately, you will find that very few of the Indian villages are on record. The largest one known was near Siasconset. A second large village was located in the vicinity of Miacomet Pond. The third village occupied the western side of Squam Pond and was known as a Naphant.

Another Indian village was near Shawkemo, south of Abram's Point, and north of Shimmo; people have believed that an Indian burying ground was in this locality.

At Sesachacha and Peedee, southeast of Sesachacha Pond, two villages existed in 1700; whether there were fishing stages in those villages or not, no one has had evidence to show.

The three wigwams that were last on Nantucket were standing at Squam, in 1796. The last one was on Rock Island, and was taken away in 1797. Doreus Honorable was the last full-blooded Nantucket Indian.

Hazel Fisher, VII-B.

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March 30, 1935



## Red Men of The Island.

By Catherine Sylvia, winner of Third Prize In Historical Society's Contest.

An old Indian legend related by the aborigines to the early English settlers is as follows:

A large bird often visited the south shore of Cape Cod and carried many small children away in its claws. Manshope, an Indian giant, who dwelt in that vicinity, became enraged at the devastation among the children, and waded in the water in pursuit of the bird. He continued following the bird until he had crossed the sound and reached Nantucket.

The chief found the remains of the children under a tree. He then began to search the island for tobacco, but as he found none, he substituted poke—a weed used by the Indians for filling their pipes. Afterward, when the aborigines noticed a fog ascending, they would say, "There comes old Manshope's smoke." By the arrival of Manshope to Nantucket, the island first became known to the red men.

At the time of the settlement by the whites, one tribe of Indians lived at the western part of the island, and the other at the eastern end. During the hundred years from 1664 to 1774 records were made deeding land to the English, until the whole island was in their possession. The Indian population at this time was about 1500.

One historian states that the Indians of the island were of the Natick tribe, while others assert that they belonged to King Philip's Pokanoket tribe, which helped form the famous Wampanoag family.

Two chief sachems, Wanackmamack and Wanwinet, or his son and successor, Nicornoose, and two sachems, Autopsot and Potcomet, governed the tribes of Nantucket and Tuckernuck. Wanackmamack owned the southeastern part of the island while Wanwinet's boundary line adjoined that of the former chief's on the north.

Some of the most noble men of American history are Massasoit, Passaconaway, Samoset and Wanackmamack, of whom the last was at one time the governing Head Sachem of Nantucket.

Wanackmamack, a kind-hearted, courageous, high-principled chief, was not only the pride of his tribe but the loyal friend of the English.

By deeding the lands to the English, the Indians were gradually being forced to leave their peaceful and friendly homes and thus let the settlers build their new homes. The Indians worked with their new friends, tilling the land, cutting down timber, and helping them in every possible way to cultivate the soil.

In 1664, the land owned by Sachems Wanackmamack and Nickanose was sold by them to Thomas Mayhew for the sum of twenty-six pounds.

King Philip, or Metacomet, of Mount Hope visited the island in 1665 in search of an Indian offender. The crime for which Philip wished to punish him was that of speaking the name of the dead—a law among the Indians which was strictly forbidden. The islanders tried to save the offender and offered the sum of 11 pounds as his ransom.

This Indian, John Gibbs, or Assassa-moogh, as he was called by members of his race, received his education at Harvard and became a preacher. A meeting house was built for him to preach in to the Red Men who had become Christianized. Three hundred of them attended church. John Gibbs was the preacher for a term of nearly twenty years.

Metacomet tried to induce the natives to join in the proposed war against the English, but they refused as they were satisfied and wished to remain at peace with the white people.

Of the 358 Indians remaining in 1763, 222 died from a disease of "yellow fever" which broke out among them, thus leaving 136 to represent the race. The plague continued up to February 16, 1764, when it suddenly ceased. Out of the many English, who came daily to care for the distressed natives, none were affected by the disease.

Efforts were made to instruct Christianity among the tribes, and Nantucket was more successful in her duty of instructing them than any other part of New England.

The Indians had long practised the art of killing whales. When bodies of whales drifted ashore, they were eagerly seized upon by the natives as rich prizes. Crowds of Indians used to go in boats and pierce the whale with a bone, which was fastened to a rope. When the whale emerged from the water, they killed him by piercing him with arrows. When he was towed to shore, they called their chiefs together and sang a song of joy around their prize. The Sagamores then divided the whale and gave each man a share.

Benjamin Tashoma, a grandson of Sachem Autopsot, a good man, esteemed preacher, and a successful schoolmaster, was the most prominent Indian. He became the greatest chief of his tribe. He had a son, Isaac and a daughter, Sarah. She married Isaac Earok and on April 27, 1776, a daughter, Dorcas Honorable, was born. She was a full-blooded Indian, and the very last of her race on Nantucket.

In 1794 three wigwams remained standing in Squam. The last, which belonged to Abigail Fisher, was taken down in 1799.

Abram Api Quarry (or Quady), the last man with Indian blood in him, died November 25, 1854, at the age of eighty-two. He was the son of Mr. Quibly and Judith Quarry. For many years he lived in a hut at Shimmo, loved and respected by all who had become acquainted with him.

No burial place was assigned for the Indians, but skeleton remains have been found in various places. One of the tribes had a circular burying-ground near Miacomet Pond, and of the many aborigines buried there, Benjamin Tashoma is one.

A few of the Indians committed minor crimes for which they were punished. For instance, house-breaking and sheep-stealing. An instance of house-breaking runs as follows:

A family had moved into a house that was still under the course of construction. The parents occupied a room on the lower floor for sleeping, while a young man, a relative of the people slept in the unfinished attic room. Very early one morning the young man arose and went to join a crew of men who were going in quest of whales. As it was early he did not awake the residents.

Soon after his departure, the woman was awakened by the sound of footsteps on the floor above the room where she slept. She called out to be careful as she thought the young man was walking around and might fall through the opening. Hardly had she ceased speaking when an Indian descended from above through the opening and began to sharpen his knife, telling the mother that he intended to kill her.

When the native made known to the woman that the knife was sharp enough to perform the intended act, she darted toward the door. He tried to seize her by the arm, but she escaped. She rushed toward the nearest house shrieking "Indian" and as soon as she arrived there fainted on the doorstep. The neighbor, suspecting something wrong, immediately returned to the house and found an Indian there. The actions of the latter were somewhat accounted for by a basket outside the door, which contained a bottle of liquor. The native was arrested and placed in jail on the charge of plunder. Afterwards, he stated that his threat was to rid the house of its occupants.

Some of the Indians were very pious. The conversations of Bethia Tiphau's parents made a deep impression on the little girl. When three years of age, her father was very ill. One day Bethia's mother found her daughter on her knees beside her father's bed praying to God. She first confessed her sins and then pleaded for her father's life. She also prayed for her brothers and all the little children. While visiting her grandparents, her father died. She grieved so deeply for him that a sort of melancholy took possession of her and soon afterward she died. Almost ready to leave this world, she expressed her desire to die and go to Heaven to be with God.

"The Legend of Wanwinet," written by Miss Charlotte P. Baxter, relates of one of the old Indian traditions and of a pretty love affair enacted in the time of the Red Man.

In 1630, a war between the western and eastern tribes took place, which was the last Indian war on the island. The tribes of Wanwinet and Autopsot had remained friendly until a dispute arose about the possession of the land that lay between them. At last Wanwinet called a council of his warriors and made plans to steal upon their foe and capture them when they least expected it.

Wanwinet had a daughter, Wonoma, who loved the leader of the neighboring tribe and she felt it her duty to warn Autopsot of the intentions of her father. When Wanwinet and his warriors reached the land of the other tribe, he knew some one had betrayed him and slowly turned towards home. The western tribe was prepared to meet them. In the evening, when Wanwinet was standing beside his wigwam, a form approached. It proved to be that of Autopsot. He had come to ask Wanwinet if there could not be peace between them. That evening before they parted, they had made a division of the land and to show that he wanted peace among them forever after, Wanwinet gave Wonoma to Autopsot, who had long hoped to gain her.

Sept. 1, 1923

## An Interesting Discovery.

The skull of an Indian was thrown up by the spade on the site of the proposed Nevins cottage this week. It is in a good state of preservation above the jaw; but the latter is considerably decayed. Brown and otherwise discolored by age it has certainly remained undisturbed for over a century, as it is said the Hodges house has remained as long as this in the place from which it is now moved. The sutures which bind the pieces of the skull together are of unusual breadth in this Indian, and it would almost seem as if the skull bone was thicker than is usually found, even in their face. Other skulls have been found near this place, so it thought that this may have been an old time burial place for the race.

Sept. 27, 1894  
Journal

—EXCAVATIONS have frequently brought to light buried treasures and monumental remains. Buried cities have been discovered and ruined splendors unearthed. The history of the settlement of Nantucket brings all the constructive features of the island within the period of the white man's settlement. Works of the aborigines are nowhere found. Only vestiges of their existence remain in the broken arrow-heads, inland sea-shell deposits about their villages, and a few indentations which denote their nameless graves. It was a great surprise to our citizens, old and young, when the workmen engaged in making excavations of sand on Pine street, preparatory to paving the same, exposed a portion of the street nicely paved, and on one side a paved gutter on top of the deeper paving. The old paved portion begins at Main street and runs southward some thirty-five or forty feet. When it was laid no one can tell. A gentleman who has lived abutting on the locality for fifty years says he has no recollection of when it was done.

## Dug Up.

During the process of excavating for Mr. Nevins's new house on North street, last Saturday, a human skull and a few rib bones were unearthed. Mrs. Sylvester Hodges, who until within a week or two has owned and occupied the premises, stated to Mr. Nevins previous to the commencement of the work, that her husband was told by the late Richard Mitchell, who formerly owned the property, that Indians were buried there. No particular heed was given the statement, but the finding of the skull, which is undoubtedly that of an Indian, corroborates the story. The skull is on exhibition at the rooms of the Historical Association, and it is to be hoped it may become the property of that organization.

Sept. 20, 1894

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

Mr. Editor:

From an old paper writing found in a very old house in Nantucket, the following is extracted, which shows that there is other evidence than what was presented in your issue of March 17.

"Some account of Indians that have been hanged since the year 1700.

"First, in 1704, an Indian by the name of Sabo, that lived at Mattecocum, killed his wife and fled; was missing several days but was taken at Cappaum with a company of Indians that said they had been to Muskeget after bass; returning they stopped at Tuckernuck where they found Sabo who said he waded across from Smith's Point, and now took passage with them. The Indian constable took him, carried him before Squire John Gardner Esquire, who committed him to prison. He was finally hanged.

"The next was Robin Norsnor, otherwise called Nobby, in the year 1736, for killing his wife.

"The next, Happy Comfort, a squaw, in 1739.

"Then, in 1745, an Indian.

"Then in 1755, an Indian.

"Then, in 1768, Nathan Quibby."

Apr. 28, 1900



AUGUST 12, 1916

### Bones of the Poor Indian Will Be Preserved.

The grave of the Indian which was found at Quaise, last week, by Arthur R. Thompson, of West Hartford, Ct., was visited again on Saturday last, and all of the bones which had not become dust were removed and will be preserved in the rooms of the Nantucket Historical Association, which has not heretofore had any relics of the Indian himself in its possession. To be sure, some people may look upon this collection of human bones as gruesome, in a way, but they nevertheless form a very interesting historic relic, as they are unquestionably the remains of one of the Nantucket Indians who must have inhabited this island a couple of centuries and more ago, and regarding which there are few facts in existence and fewer relics other than arrow-heads.

The Indian grave was found on the very edge of the bluff at Quaise which overlooks the beach, and its location was discovered by Mr. Thompson when he saw one of the leg bones protruding from the bank, which had evidently fallen away at that point the past winter. The grave was only about a foot below the surface and was beneath what was probably a "shell-heap" evidently left by the Indians, as it had long been covered with loam and grass and other growth.

That it was not the remains of a chief or Indian of rank was evident from the fact that there were no signs of wealth apparent—that is, an arrow-head or two and a collection of "flint flakes" were about all that could be found in the nature of weapons.

Near the foot of the grave, however, a very interesting relic was found—a piece of Indian pottery. It was a large bowl, yet it had been buried in the ground so many years that it could not be removed intact; in fact, only a few large pieces could be secured for preservation, the remainder crumbling to pieces in spite of the utmost care exercised in removing it.

The bowl was probably made of a mixture of mud and ground shells, and it was fashioned by being molded inside of a grass basket and then baked, as was the custom of the Indians. The outlines of the basket are still clearly discernible on the outside of the pieces of the pottery which have been preserved and they show the handiwork of the Nantucket Indian and the method which he employed to provide himself with cooking utensils. In accordance with the traditional Indian custom it is fair to presume that this bowl contained food which was buried with the Indian when he left for the "happy hunting grounds."

Another interesting "find" in connection with this Indian grave was the discovery of the remains of the Indian's dog, buried about a yard from its master's feet. At first it was thought that it was the skeleton of another Indian, but the removal of the bones showed that unquestionably they were of a dog, and buried with them was another piece of pottery, which, like that buried with the Indian, was so old and rotten that it could not be removed intact. Presumably the dog was sent to the happy hunting grounds with its master, and it, too, had a nice dish of food buried with it to sustain it on the long journey.

This "find" is one of the few occasions when an Indian grave has been found on Nantucket and it brings to the Historical collection an interesting relic in the shape of the bones of a real Nantucket Indian.

### Interesting Indian Relics.

Elwyn Francis has located a large amount of relics of the Nantucket Indians, during the last few months, and some of his "finds" have been of especial interest and value to all students of the life and customs of the Aborigines.

Not only has he found many "points" or arrowheads, but several tomahawks, and quite a number of pieces of Indian pottery. The other day, while out at Sesachacha, he uncovered an Indian shell-heap, and in it were some unusual specimens. About three feet under ground he came across some pieces of red cedar—stumps and branches—which were buried under the shell-heap.

Up to this time it has not been certain that red cedar has grown on Nantucket, other than in the heavy growth on Coskata head, where the late Oswald D. Ingall at one time came across a tree which was unquestionably red cedar.

Although the pieces of red cedar found by Mr. Francis must have been under-ground several centuries, the wood is in excellent condition and emits a plain odor of red cedar to this day.

One of Mr. Francis' "finds" brought forth an interesting relic. Down below the shell-heap, several feet below the surface—he came across a pair of deer's antlers, with a "rosette" from the horns. This would indicate that deer roamed Nantucket island years ago.

### Found An Indian Grave.

Harry R. Thompson, of West Hartford, Ct., who is a guest at the New Springfield this season, is quite well-known as an explorer and was with Cook in the Arctic, as well as making trips into Alaska. He is greatly interested in Indian history and relics, and has done considerable research work in that direction. On Thursday he came across an Indian skeleton out near Quaise, portions of which were in excellent condition. The skull, the spinal column and the leg bones were found, but as the grave had been partly exposed to the elements, the bones of the feet had vanished. With the skeleton Mr. Thompson found three arrowheads and several pieces of broken pottery.

### Interested in Nantucket Indians.

Dr. Warren Moorhead, director of the Department of Archaeology of Phillips Academy, Andover, who has been in Nantucket a few days, is especially interested in Indians of the pre-colonial period at Nantucket. He examined the collection possessed by the Historical Society, which although small, is quite interesting. There are three complete skulls, a copper hatchet, and about 100 other objects of Stone Age manufacture.

Dr. Moorhead hopes to come to Nantucket either this fall or next spring and spend two or three weeks in careful search of the shores. Such artifacts as are found will be presented to the Historical Society for permanent preservation.

There is now much interest in early American Indian history. Local insinuations are encouraged to make collections and record on the Government map of Indian sites.

Dr. Moorhead said that Nantucket was to be congratulated in possessing two such interesting and important museums, and that the whaling exhibit is especially fine and instructive.

### Nantucket's Last Full-blooded Indian Was a Woman.

"When did the last full-blooded Nantucket Indian die?" we were asked this week. "And was it a man or a woman?"

In reply we will state for the information of this particular subscriber and our readers in general, that the last full-blooded Indian on Nantucket was Dorcas Honorable, a woman who lived to the age of seventy-nine and died on the 12th of January, 1855.

The last man with Indian blood in him was Abram Quarry, but he was not full-blooded—a half breed. Abram Quarry died November 25, 1854.

Dorcas Honorable (Darkis Onerable) died at the Asylum on the 12th of the following January (1855) and was buried from the Baptist church. She was the last of her race.



## Zaccheus Macy Wrote Letter 132 Years Ago.

Zaccheus Macy was one of the distinguished men of Nantucket, who, though he never studied the science, became, by long experience, assisted by good talents and accurate observation, of great service to man-kind in bone-setting and in various other branches of surgery. He subjected himself to the calls of all who needed his assistance and never accepted any remuneration of any kind, other than the gratitude of those he helped.

He was the great-grandson of Thomas Macy, born December 7, 1713, and died in 1797 at the age of 83 years, with a record of having set over 2,000 broken and dislocated bones for the people of Nantucket.

A letter written by Zaccheus Macy of Nantucket in 1792 for the benefit of the Massachusetts Historical Society, contained a large amount of information in relation to the Indians of Nantucket. At that time there were 370 left on the island, but it is not alone Zaccheus Macy's story of the Indians that is interesting, but his general description of the island, written 132 years ago, is a valuable contribution to Nantucket history. It follows:

Nantucket, ye 2d ye 10 mo 1792.  
My Friend and Kinsman:—Agreeable to the request of the Massachusetts Historical Society, I have wrote and explained many words and names of certain parts and places of or on the island of Nantucket, both in English and Indian, as well as I could; but there is not one person now left that I can get any help from in these matters. So I have wrote as well as I can on the affairs or matters, but I sometimes fear whether it may not seem flat and old to them, but I have not wrote anything but what I am very sure is true, according to the best account I could get.

Account of the names of the old Sachems and some of the most respectable Indians, and their habitations, taken from the best authors that could be had ye 15 ye 3 mo 1763. At that time there were living near about 370 of the natives on the island of Nantucket. Per me the subscriber.

Wannochmamock was the first Sachem at the southeast part of the island, when the English first came to Nantucket. Next to him was his son Sousouaquo, and next to him were his two sons called Cain and Abel. These two agreed to divide the Sachem right, two third parts to Cain, and one third part to Abel. The said Cain had one daughter, whose name was Jemima, married to James Shaa. From Abel sprang Eben Abel, and from him sprang Benjamin Abel the last Sachem, from whom I bought all his right, title, and property that he had on said island, for and in behalf of the whole English proprietors. All the said Jemima's right was bought by our old proprietors many years before, as may fully appear on our records.

Their lands or bounds began at a place on the south side of the island, called Toupchue Pond; and ran across to the northward to a brown rock marked on the west side, that lies to the northward of our washing pond, called Gibbs Pond, on the west side of Saul's Hills and so over towards Podpis swamp, and then to the eastward to a place Sesacacha Pond by the east sea. At the southeast part of said tract is a high bluff called Tom Never's Head, and about two miles to the northward stands our famous fishing stage houses, where our sick people go for their health, called Siasconset; and about a mile still to the northward is a very high cliff of land called Sancota Head; then about a mile still to the northward stands another fishing stage called Sesacacha.

Next begins the old Sachem called Wauwinet; his bounds begin adjoining to the northward of the said Wannochmamock's land and run still along to the northward and take in all Squam, and run on to our long sandy point, called Coatue or Nauma, which in the English is Long Point, where our Massachusetts lighthouse now stands; and then to the westward to New Town; then to the southward to a place called Weweder Ponds, which in English signifies a pair of horns, by reason there are two ponds that run to a point next to the sea, and spread apart so as to leave a neck of land, called Long Joseph's Point, which two ponds spread apart so as to resemble a pair of horns.

And the said Wauwinet had two sons: the oldest was named Isaac, but was mostly called Nicornoose, which signifies in English to suck the fore teat; and his second son was named Wawpordonggo, which in English is white face, for his face was on one side white, and the other brown or Indian color. And the said Nicornoose married, and had one son named Isaac, and one daughter; and then he turned away his proper wife, and took another woman, and had two sons Wat and Paul Moose; and when his true son Isaac grew up to be a man, he resented his father's behavior so much that he went off and left them for the space of near fifty years,—it was not known where.

And in that time his true sister married to one Daniel Spotsor, and he reigned Sachem, by his wife, near about forty years; and we made large purchases of the said Spotsors. And then about sixty years past or more, there came an Indian man from Nantucket, called Great Jethro, and he brought Judah Paddock and one Hause with him, and he challenged the Sachem right by being son to the said true son of Nicornoose; and when they first opened the matter to our old proprietors, they contrived to keep the said Jethro close, until they could send some good committee to find out by our old Indians, whether they ever knew or heard of the said Nicornoose having such a son gone, and they soon found out by the old Indians that he had, but they had not heard what was become of him.

So they soon found they should lose all they had bought of the said Spotsors; then they held a parley with the said Jethro, and agreed to buy all his right, title, and property that he owned on said island, as appears on our records. And the said Nicornoose gave deeds to his two bastard sons, Paul and Wat Noose, forty acres each, a little to the eastward of Podpis village.

The first Sachem at the southwest part of said island, his bounds were at the said Weweder Ponds, and from thence to the northward to a place called Gunsue meadow at Monemoy (that part of the town in which is now embraced Consue, Poverty Point, and the Goose Pond) where we now call New Town, and from thence westward along to the southward of the hills called Popsquatchet Hills, where our three mills now stand, and so to the west sea called Tawtemeo, which we call the Hummock Pond. And his name was Autapscot.

Next to him was his son called Harry Poritain. Next to him was Peter Mausauquit. Next to him was Isaac Peter. Next to him was lame Isaac, of whom we bought the last and all that Sachem right; and their habitation was Moyaucomet, which signifies a meeting place, and their meeting house they call Moyaucomor. And the said Autapscot was called a great warrior, and got his land by his bow.

The fourth Sachem was at the northwest part called Potconet, and owned all the little island called Tuckernuck, which signifies in English a loaf of bread, and his bounds extended from Madaket down eastward to Wesko, which in English is the white stone, and so on to the north side of Autapscot land, all bought of him at the coming of the English, saving some particular tracts

that belonged to the Jafets and the Hoights and some others.

Now I shall give some of the most respectable Indians in Wannochmamock's bounds. There was James Mamack, a minister of the gospel and justice of the peace, and behaved well in his station. Old Aesop, the weaver, was a schoolmaster. Old Saul, a very stern looking old man. Joshua Mamack succeeded in his father James Mamack's place. Richard Nominash and his brother Sampson and little Jethro were all very substantial, and a number more very trusty men.

The most noted Indian in Autapscot's bounds were Benjamin Tashama, a minister of the gospel and a schoolmaster, to teach the children to read and write. He was grandson to the old Sachem. But there was an old Indian made Zachary Hoite, a minister before the said Tachama, but he did not behave so well. He told his hearers they must do as he said and not as he did.

And there was one Indian man, his name was James Skouel, but was mostly called Corduda (Kadooda?). He was justice of the peace, and very sharp with them if they did not behave well. He would fetch them up when they did not tend their corn well, and order them to have ten stripes on their backs, and for any rogue tricks and getting drunk. And if his own children played any rogue tricks, he would serve them the same sauce.

There happened some Englishmen at his court, when a man was brought up for some rogue tricks, and one of these men was named Nathan Coleman, a pretty crank sort of a man, and the Indian man pleaded for an appeal to Esquire Bunker; and the old judge turned round to said Nathan and spoke in the Indian language thus: "Chaquor Keador taddator witche conichau mussoy chaquor?" then said Nathan answered thus: "Martau couetchawidde neconne sasamyste nehotle moche Squire Bunker", which in the English tongue is thus: "What do you think about this great business?" then Nathan answered, "Maybe you had better whip him first, then let him go to Squire Bunker"; and the old judge took Nathan's advice. And so Nathan answered two purposes: the one was to see the Indian whipped; the other was, he was sure the Indian would not want to go to Esquire Bunker for fear of another whipping.

I will say something more in recommendation of some of our old Indian natives. They were very solid and sober at their meeting of worship, and carried on in the form of Presbyterians, but in one thing imitated the Friends or Quakers, so called; which was to hold meetings on the first and fifth days of the week, and attended their meetings very precisely. I have been at their meetings many times and seen their devotion; and it was remarkably solid, and I could understand the most of what was said, and they always placed us in a suitable seat to sit, and they were not put by, by our coming in, but rather appeared glad to see us come in. And a minister is called Cooutaumuchary.

And as I said before, they had justices, constables, grand jurymen, and carried on for a great many years many of them very well and precisely, and lived in very good fashion. Some of them were weavers, some good carpenters.

Now I will begin at the west end of the island, which we call Smith's Point, but the Indians call Nopque, which was called a landing place when they came from the Vineyard, but they call it Noapx; then eastward about three miles comes the Hummock Pond, where we once had a great number of whale houses with a mast raised for a lookout, with holes bored through and sticks put in like a ladder, to go up; then about three miles eastward to the said Weweder Ponds stood another parcel of whale houses,

then about three miles eastward to Nobedeer Pond was where Benjamin Gardner lived formerly, then about three and one half miles eastward is the aforesaid Tom Never's Head, then two miles to the northward is the famous town or fishing stage called Siasconset, then about one mile northward is the high head of land called Sancoty Head, and the Indians called Naphchecoy, which signifies round the head, and then about one mile northward is the aforesaid Sesacacha Pond, where our other fishing stage stands.

Then begins the said Squam, and runs north two miles to the beginning of our said long sandy point Nauma; and the first is one mile to a place called Causkata Pond, where are some woods and meadow; and four miles northward is where the said Massachusetts lighthouse is, on the north end of said point. Then about one mile north of the entering on of the above said long point begins another neck or beach, called Little Coetue, and runs about five miles on about a west by south course till it comes within about one mile of our town called Wesko, which makes the last side of the entering in of our harbor.

Then next to the said Squam westward is the village called Podpis Neck, where our fulling mill stands. Then next westward is the famous neck of land called Quaise or Malsquatuck Neck, which in English signifies the reed land, which was a tract of land given to Thomas Mayhew from one of the old Sachems, and was reserved by the said Mayhew to himself when he sold his patent right to the proprietors; which neck makes the west side of the said Podpis Harbor, now owned by Josiah Barker, Esq., and Capt. Shuabel Coffin and Capt. Thomas Delano.

The next westward is the Josiah Barker's lot or field, called Show Aucamor, which in English signifies the middle field of land. Then about four miles westward is the town called Wesco; then next westward is a place called Watercomet, which signifies a pond field, which was formerly owned by the old natives called the Hoites.

Then next westward is the great pond called Cuppame, where old Tristram Coffin lived, the old grandfather to almost all of us, which was owned by the old families of the natives called the Jafets; then next westward about four miles is called Eel Point and Maddaket Harbor, which is the northwest part of the said island; and then about two miles westward is the said little island called Tuckernuck, which signifies in English a loaf of bread, for it appears round, and in the middle pretty high; which was bought by the said old Tristram Coffin from the old Sachem Potconet, in the year 1659, by virtue of a patent he had from New York.

Excuse me for errors and poor writing and spelling, and consider me in station of life worn out.

By

Zaccheus Macy.

To Peleg Coffin, Esq., now resident in Boston, for the perusal of our Historical Society for the Massachusetts in Boston.



### Site of Ancient Indian Village At Squam Object of Search.

Nantucket history records that the last Indian wigwam stood at Squam, and yet, aside from conjecture on the part of numerous map-makers, the site of this village has never been determined. There have been large villages at Miacomet and Gibbs Pond, but these were after the white settlers' style, with rude houses replacing the aboriginal type of dwelling.

During the last three years, Edward Brooks, of Milton, Mass., has been quietly pursuing archeological research at Squam, occupying with his family the former McCleave house on the bluff. As a result of his endeavors Mr. Brooks feels confident that he will be able to report a discovery of certain historic importance at some future date.

Although he has done some work along these lines in other parts of the state, Mr. Brooks, who is a nephew of Miss Louise W. Brooks, of Milk street, did not intend to extend his field to Nantucket until he discovered that there were distinct possibilities on the island.

Upon invitation of Harry Harps, owner of the old Harps farm at Shawkemo, Mr. Brooks did some excavating there in 1932, and was rewarded by the discovery of some pottery as well as arrow heads and points. His attention was further increased by the fact that the pottery he had unearthed was of a pattern identical with that found with an Indian skeleton uncovered in the vicinity several years before.

It was in 1934 that he began his research at Squam. Due to the character of the country in the vicinity of "The Folly," he decided quite early that the Indians must have constructed their village on the long slope that drains into Squam pond. Here he was again faced with a perplexing problem, as the shore has been cut away to considerable extent during the last century, and this erosion has changed the contour of the pond.

Starting thus, practically working in the dark, Mr. Brooks made numerous excavations in likely places, and made notes as to what he found.

A number of interesting things, such as arrow-heads, stone pits, etc., were partial rewards for his labor, but the tangible indication that the site of the village was at hand eluded him.

This year, however, he came upon a shell heap, some ten inches below the surface of the ground, which contained enough evidence to encourage him greatly in the belief that he has finally arrived at a location which may lead him to the end of his search.

His digging has uncovered a bed of oyster shells over a large area. In several places there were fire-pits, little stone-circled spots, where he found unmistakable signs of the crude fire-places of the Indians. A number of stones which show signs of having been "worked," arrow points, and some strange bones added to the belief that this was one of the campsites of the Indians.

Estimating that excavations such as this reveal a civilization of at least five hundred years ago, Mr. Brooks points out that Squam was the location of not only the last Indian wigwam but, no doubt, of the last village of the ancient aborigines.

According to information received from William Jones, of Wauwinet, who has made and is making geologic research in this corner of New England, the region through Squam has undergone a marked transformation in the past ten centuries. What was once an embayment became a large pond, which gave way to a drainage area and finally the upland and little pond as we know it today.

Mr. Brooks stated that it is his belief that in the event Squam's original Indian village is discovered, it will show a civilization some 1500 years old.

Students of island history have long since agreed that the Indians buried their dead along the shore, which explains the comparative rarity of the discovery of an Indian grave inland. Whether it was part of the Indian religion, or whether the beach sand offered easier digging for the graves is only a conjecture in establishing the reason for this. During the last days of the Nantucket Indian under the domination of the white men, a burial place was used near Miacomet, but the number interred there is but a mere handful compared to the great number that had gone before.

Rather than feeling discouraged at the hard task of discovery which he has set out to undertake, Mr. Brooks is optimistic over the possibilities. With the true patience of the scientist he points out that the small amount of success that has been his to date is all that is needed to make the work entirely worth pegging away at. Although results have been meagre, his well-thumbed note-book is the true chart of a much larger degree of satisfaction, and the continued interest of his friends provides the added incentive to keep on.

Sept. 11, 1937

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

Mr. Editor:

In a recent issue of your paper, an article of inquiry from Dr. Pitman brought to mind interesting facts told me by my father that may be of interest to Dr. Pitman and others.

The year of the pestilence that took off so many of the resident Indians (1763) saw also the sudden departure of the bluefish from our shores. One old Indian prophesied that the bluefish had departed, so also were the Indians going, and when the bluefish came back, the Indians would all be gone, which was true.

In the year 1821, a large concourse of townsmen were gathered together on one of the wharves, earnestly examining a fare of fish just landed. A new fish had been caught. Capt. Thomas Gardner, an old man, strolled down on the wharf, and seeing the crowd earnestly talking, asked the cause. "Why, Capt. Gardner," was the reply, "we have a new fish in our waters that is unlike any seen before." Capt. Gardner looked at it and exclaimed, "It is the bluefish! It is the bluefish come back!" That year the fish were small. In 1821 the last full-blooded Indian died. Capt. Thomas Gardner was my father's grandfather, and related the above to him. The old gentleman died in 1830, at the advanced age of ninety-four years.

H. G. S.

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

### The First Indian Deed of Nantucket.

It has been assumed that the first deed of any portion of Nantucket given by the Indians was that signed by the sachems Nickanoose and Wanackmamack, dated May 10, 1660, in which the first purchasers were grantees. This assumption was based on two grounds.

1. It was recorded on page 1 of the first book of records in the Registry of Deeds.

2. There was a statement that no Indian deed was ever made to Thomas Mayhew conveying any part of Nantucket, and the above deed was the first conveyance to the twenty purchasers. But neither ground proves to be tenable.

The deed from Mayhew to Thomas Macy and associates was dated July 2, 1659. But the records in Book 1 in the Registry of Deeds indicate that these associates in Salisbury, Mass., were enacting rules and regulations concerning the method of governing Nantucket in February, 1659. It has been asked, why were they holding meetings and passing notes about their new purchase several months before they had received their deed? The answer probably is, that some time in 1658, Thomas Mayhew arranged with his cousin Thomas Macy for a sale of the island of Nantucket with the understanding that Mayhew should as soon as possible obtain a conveyance of as much of Nantucket as he could from the Indian occupants. In pursuance of this arrangement Macy proceeded to organize his company of associates, and Mayhew attempted to obtain an Indian deed, which before that time he had neglected or had been unable to accomplish. It appears from the following deed that he was successful, but owing to the fact that this deed was not recorded until March 26, 1731, it has escaped attention. In Book 4 at page 93 is the record accompanied by a plan which plainly indicates the section covered by the deed, but it is singular that no historian has heretofore discovered the same.

"This doth witness that we Nickanoose of Nantucket, sachem, and Nanahumo of Nantucket, sachem, have sold unto Thomas Mayhew of the Vineyard the plain at the west end of Nantucket that is according to the figure under written, to him his heirs and assigns forever. In consideration whereof we have received by earnest of the said Thomas Mayhew the sum of twelve pounds answerable to Peage at 8 a penny; also the said sachems have sold the said Mayhew of the Vineyard the use of the meadow and to take wood for the use of him the said Mayhew, his heirs and assigns forever.

In witness hereof we the sachems aforesaid have hereunto set our hands this twentyeth of June, 1659. The pond Acamy lieth north and by east and south and by west or near it."

The deed is signed by the marks of the two sachems and is witnessed by Mr. Harry, also by John Coleman, Thomas Macy and Tristram Coffin. It is therefore clear that these witnesses were at that date in Nantucket. On the same deed, July 2, 1659, Thomas Mayhew and Martha Mayhew conveyed the island to the first purchasers. The plan delineates that section of Nantucket lying to the westward of a line drawn from Capaum Pond southward through Hummock Pond.

Having obtained this deed from the sachem whose tribe lived in that section, with the consent and approval of the powerful sachem, Nickanoose, whose domains were at the east end of the island, Mayhew was ready to make the conveyance to Macy and his associates, which was completed two weeks later, or about as soon as a vessel could sail from Edgartown to Salisbury and return.

The deed seems to have remained in the possession of Mayhew and his family until the Indians appealed to the General Court to recover their lands, when the owners of Nantucket found the old deed and placed it on record.

H. B. WORTH.

NEW BEDFORD, May 1, 1901.

### The Last Full-Blooded Indian.

Some months ago we asked through these columns for any information regarding the last full-blooded Indian living on Nantucket island, and although we received numerous replies to our query from readers who had some data regarding Abram Quarry, the last man who had Indian blood in him, no one seemed to have any facts in their possession as to who the last full-blooded Indian was. Recently, however, we came across a statement made by the late Franklin Folger, which seems to contain the information desired. Mr. Folger wrote some forty years ago:

"The last full-blooded Indian on Nantucket was Dorcas Honorable, who was born April 27, 1776. Her father was Isaac Earop and her mother Sarah Tashma, and she was a grand-daughter of John Tashma. She lived for some years as a domestic in the family of John Cartwright, and is doubtless remembered by his surviving children. She died in 1822. Abram Quarry was not a full-blooded Indian, but a half-breed. He died in 1855."

In 1796 there were three wigwams left standing on the island of Nantucket. They stood at Squam, the exact location of which cannot be determined. The last wigwam belonged to Abigail Fisher and was situated on what was called Pock island, in Squam. It was included in Tristram Starbuck's farm and was taken down in 1799.

Oct. 29, 1916

ANECDOTE OF THE TALENTS AND BENEVOLENCE OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.—There lived a few years ago, on the Island of Nantucket, a Sagamore or Indian Chief, whose character deserves to be preserved. He had a peculiar talent for setting dislocated bones. In the last fourteen years of his life, during which time he kept an exact account, he set or healed no less than 1134 bones, and as he had practiced some years before, he supposed he had operated professionally on sixteen or seventeen hundred persons. What is a remarkable trait in his character, he never took fee or reward for the most important services, and frequently he spent days and weeks in dressing wounds.—He also had the satisfaction of never losing a patient while under his care. This honest, worthy Indian, died in November 1797, at the advanced age of 84 years,—a remarkable instance of native ingenuity and humanity.

The above was handed us for publication by a respected and veteran subscriber.

Apr. 1, 1853

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## Legends and Stories of Old Nantucket.

By William Crosby Bennett.

A very ancient myth has it that when tobacco was scarce an Indian deity, after borrowing all he could, filled his pipe with sand, and, when his smoke was ended, dumped the ashes into the sea, and from them arose the Island of Nantucket. Another concerns a fanciful derivation of its name. A father—so the story runs—when about to die, allowed his three daughters to choose for themselves among his possessions. The eldest, Elizabeth, for some not very evident reason, fixed her preference upon the chain of islands jutting out from the southwest corner of Cape Cod, which accordingly took her name. Sensible Martha had the next choice and did not hesitate to appropriate the "Vineyard". Alas! for Nancy, the youngest, nothing remained but the ashes from the old Indian's pipe—a desolate heap of sand scarce rising above the ocean's waves. But necessity knows no laws, and so "Nan tuk' it!"

Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that in days of old legends and superstitions were plentiful enough, especially among the red men who once populated the island in large numbers. One year, however, a strange pestilence visited them, sweeping away all but a little over a hundred of the tribe. It is said that an Indian seer, lamenting over this mysterious decay of his race, prophesied, as a sort of compensatory justice, that they should, in disappearing, carry the bluefish with them, perhaps to stock the waters of the Happy Hunting Ground. Somewhat remarkably, the bluefish verified the prophecy, for when the last full-blooded Indian died in 1854, not a bluefish was to be caught within ten miles of the shoreline. The curse, however, was of limited character. After a score of years or so, the bluefish returned in great numbers, and have continued to do so nearly every year since.

Probably few, if any, are alive today who lived in the time of this last native red man, Abram Quarry by name. In his latter years he is said to have been a venerable, inoffensive old fellow, residing all alone in a little house of his own on the outskirts of the town, where he supported himself by selling the wild berries he picked on the commons. He had seen his wife and all his children die before him, and for a long time appeared to be himself awaiting the tardy summons to follow them.

In his youth, like many of his red brothers, he followed the sea, and no one was said to be a more faithful hand upon the whaling ship. Later he became the prince of Nantucket caterers, and without his assistance no evening entertainment was deemed quite complete.

A portrait in oils of the old Indian used to hang (and probably does now) in the pleasant reading room at the Athenaeum Library. It shows him in his little home, with a basket of

berries on the table, and surrounded with the details of his homely house-keeping. Through the open window at his back is a view of the distant town and harbor. The old man's face is admirable in its original dignity and pathos, and the whole composition—worthy but not of the brush of Eastman Johnson—presents a chapter in Nantucket history with remarkable suggestiveness.

After Quarry's death, excursions turned toward the lonely hut of Old Fred Parker, the so-called "Hermit of Quidnet". Old Parker was certainly a character, and costumed himself for the part. He always wore clothes far too small for his great height, and so patched and mended as to render recognition of their original shape or color difficult or impossible. From year to year, at the extreme eastern end of the island, this solitary man resided. His sole diversion was reading and his means of subsistence the scanty product of his fishing at nearby Sachacha Pond, eked out by the few copper coins he obtained from visitors on the plea of using them to form the initials of their names on the floor of his cabin, thereby supposedly to bring them good luck.

The insular character of Nantucket, and in the old days its comparative distance from the mainland, conferred upon its people a great sense of absolute independence which to this day is a marked characteristic of the native-born islanders. An illustrative demonstration of this is to be found in the story of the wealthy visitor from Boston who, charmed with the silvery tone of the famous Lisbon bell in the steeple of the Unitarian Church on Orange street, offered in the name of the historic Old South Church of his city, to buy it at the rate of a dollar a pound (it weighs, I believe, around two thousand pounds). He explained that, although they had a very fine clock in the belfry of the Old South, unfortunately the bell was cracked. He was politely informed that, although they had a very fine bell in the Unitarian steeple, unfortunately the clock was getting old, and therefore they would like to know at what price the clock in the Old South could be bought.

It was back in those old peaceful days, long before atomic bombs and other disturbing elements, that the town crier was a recognized "institution"—as much, almost, as the ringing of the Lisbon bell in the Unitarian steeple, over which he presided. There were, however, those who would have it that "Billy" was not altogether of sound mind, alleging as proof the circumstance that, having enlisted for a bounty during the Civil War, he soon thereafter reappeared with his bell in the town's streets and byways, and could give no better reason for his speedy return than that he had been discharged "because they said he was 'noncompous', or something of the kind";—an allegation in no wise credible in view of the apt retorts he was known to have made. For example, once to a somewhat forward young lady, who asked him where he got the bell he was ringing, he instantly replied: "From the same foundry, Miss, where you got your brass."

Much has been written about the old graveyards on the island, but seldom, or ever, has that pathetic spot—a level parallelogram back of the newest cemetery—been touched upon. Therein are twenty-one graves, so close to each other as they can lie, which contain all that is mortal of the nameless crew of the ship "Newton" of Hamburg, wrecked off the South Shore on Christmas Eve, 1865. Of all the doomed men on that vessel only one reached the shore alive. It snowed and blew furiously that night;

and the islanders shivered by their firesides as they listened to the howling of the wind and the savage hammering of the surf on the South Shore, only three miles away.

They did not know all the horror of that night, however, for some time in the darkness, one poor creature, cast ashore by those savage billows, crawled up out of their reach and, fighting for his life, staggered on, until he came within sight of a farmhouse; saw perhaps the fire-light and the cheerful flicker of the lantern as the farmer looked that his beasts were warm and safe, and then he fell, and rose no more. Although not one of the dead men was known even by name, all the ministers of the island participated in the funeral rites.

A generation or two before the "Newton" disaster, sheep raising had been a great source of island wealth, rivaling even the whale. One of the favorite grazing pastures was near the section known as Newtown. Here a gate was placed across the road to keep the sheep out of the vegetable gardens, and—horror of horrors!—beside the gate in that peaceful community stood the gallows whereon the one and only execution took place.

The first Monday in June was "Shearing Day", and out on the Miacomet plain, with its chain of ponds—one, I believe, still known as the Washing Pond—the sheep were driven in and penned up, and for three days the washing and shearing continued, while nearby tents and booths were set up, and the labor of shearing was happily combined with feasting and merry making. Usually the music was furnished by off-island "coofs", and there comes to mind the last stanza of a famous ditty of that time which goes something like this:

"The sheep are sheared, the reel is done,  
The harper back to coofdom gone;  
My lay is closed, you'll think it meet,  
Pleasures are always short when sweet;  
'Twas so when first the world begun,  
'Twill be so when the world is done.  
Who was the harper? What his strain?  
Wait till you hear him play again;  
'Tis 'tew I can't, and tew I can',  
All the way to the shearing pen!"

A delightful and naive picture of the social amenities in those days when thousands of sheep roamed the commons may be found in the following letter describing Nantucket's first tea party, written by an island lass under date of September 20, 1748. It appears that the young lady's cousin, Nathaniel Starbuck, a deep-sea sailor, is about to return from China, and her excitement and interest in his arrival and his stories are equalled only

by her enthusiasm over the gifts he brings from foreign shores.

"Cousin Nathaniel (she writes) sent a sea chest, and in it a large box of tea, the first that was ever on the island. It is real Chinese tea, green of color, with little shriveled leaves and when eaten dry has a very pleasant spicy taste."

The cousin also sent, by the same messenger, word that when he returned to Nantucket again, he would bring with him the owner of the ship in which he voyaged, Captain Morris.

The excited girl continues:

"The large parlor, which has not been used since Aunt Mehitabel's wedding, is to be opened. The floors have been waxed and polished and we have spread here and there beautiful mats and rugs Cousin Nathaniel brought from foreign ports."

"Cousin Nathaniel and Captain Morris are to arrive December 31, and Nathaniel says we shall have a tea party, and invite Lieutenant Marcy's family, Edward Starbuck's family and a few others to meet our distinguished guest."

Of course, a beautiful dinner was cooked and all the guests came. The letter then goes on to say:

"Aunt Content has been pestered in mind because she knows not how to cook and serve the tea, and after our neighbors had assembled, she confided to them her perplexity."

"Mrs. Lieutenant Marcy said she had heard that it ought to be well cooked to be palatable, and Mrs. Edward Starbuck said a lady in Boston who had drunk tea told her it needed a good quantity, steeping, which made it expensive."

"So Aunt Content hung the five-gallon ball-metal kettle on the crane, and putting a two-quart jar of tea in it, with plenty of water, swung it over the fire."

"Aunt Esther and Lydia Ann Marcy stayed in the kitchen to keep it boiling. While I was laying the table I heard Lydia Ann say, 'I have heard that when tea is drunk it gives a brilliancy to the eyes and a youthful expression to the complexion. I am afraid my sister-in-law failed to put in a sufficient quantity.'"

"So Aunt Esther put another bowlful of tea in the ball-metal kettle. When the tea had boiled for one hour, my cousin and Captain Morris arrived. The tea, which had boiled down to about a gallon, was poured into grandma's large silver tankard and carried to the table."

"After grandpa had asked a blessing on the food, and grandma had laid herself wide open to criticism by asking her son for his opinion of her first brew of tea, the son replied that 'a teaspoonful of the beverage would nearly kill anyone of us here at the table', and the gallant captain added laughingly that 'Aunt could keep the decoction for a dye to color woolens'. And like the excellent beau that ship's officers are, he offered, with my assistance, to instruct her how to 'draw tea'."

William C. Bennett.

508 Sixth street,  
Manhattan Beach, Calif.

AUGUST 16, 1947.

26



DOINGS OF THE  
NANTUCKET  
Historico-Genealogical Society.  
RELIGIOUS HISTORY.

BY REV. FREDERICK A. HANAFORD.

NANTUCKET INDIANS.

Nantucket had its Indian inhabitants before the pale face stepped upon its sandy shores. These Indians had a religion peculiar to themselves; or, rather, they had religious ideas peculiar to their race, but much like those of other tribes of the aborigines of North America. They believed "in Gods many." "In their solemn worship they invoke no less than thirty-seven," is the testimony of Roger Williams, in his book called "A Key into the Language of the Indians of New England" published in 1643, and which enables us to perceive that the Indians believed in rewards and punishments, beyond the grave, much after the fashion of the Mahomedans. They believed that the God who made the English was a greater God than theirs, because he endowed the English with books, clothes, etc., above themselves. Roger Williams discovered, as he thought, traces of an affinity with the Hebrew in their language, and some of their customs were like those of the Jews. It might therefore be supposed that some of their religious ideas, descended, with themselves, from the race of God's chosen people. But then there was also an apparent relationship to the Greek in their language. Some of them adore the sun as a God, thereby reminding one of the Parsees. But, as their origin is shrouded in mystery, so have we little knowledge of their religious thoughts and customs. Roger Williams says: "The south-west wind is the pleasantest, warmest wind in the climate, most desired of the Indians, making fair weather ordinarily; and therefore they have a tradition, that to the southwest, which they call Sowwanu, the Gods chiefly dwell; and hither the souls of all their great and good men and women go."

About the middle of the seventeenth century white men began to teach the Indians the Christian religion, which the Pilgrim Fathers brought with them when in 1620 they landed on Plymouth Rock. John Eliot, the celebrated missionary to the Indians, speaks of the fact that in 1684 there were about five places of prayer and keeping Sabbath, on the Island of Nantucket.

Zaccheus Macy, in his "Account of Nantucket," written in 1792, and preserved in the Massachusetts Hist. Coll's, says that in the year 1659, when the English first made their abode on Nantucket, there were near three thousand Indians on the Island, and he adds this pleasant statement: "I cannot find that the English had any material quarrel or difficulty with them. They were willing to sell their lands; and the English went on purchasing, beginning at the west end of the island, till in fine they have obtained the whole, except some small rights, which are still retained by the natives." In another place he states that they were a kind people and friendly to each other. There was therefore good soil for the Gospel seed; and evidence is given by various well-authenticated anecdotes in "Gookin's Historical Collections" that, to use his language, there was "much faith and love to God, great Christian fortitude, prudence, and thankfulness, resisting of Satan, overcoming temptation, encouragement to prayer, and hope and reliance on God in cases of difficulty and distress; and all this wonderfully

exemplified in poor Indians, newly come to the faith, out of the depth of ignorance and barbarism; all which doth greatly tend to magnify and illustrate the free and powerful virtue of God's grace in Christ Jesus."

Thomas Mayhew, father and son, were faithful laborers at Martha's Vineyard and on Nantucket. In a letter written to Captain Gookin, 1674, Thomas Mayhew says: "Briefly the first church was gathered here (Martha's Vineyard,) just fifteen years since. I sent for Mr. Prince (Governor of Plymouth) and several others, but they came not; but the English of the island, and several strangers of diverse places, present, did well approve of them. Which church is now become three churches, by reason of their habitations; two upon the Vineyard." The other was probably on Nantucket, for in the same letter he says: "And for Nantucket, there is a church which relates to me. They, as I said, first joined into full worship here, and since became a church orderly, and is increased. Upon that island are many praying Indians. Also the families of that island are about three hundred. I have oftentimes accounted the families of both islands; & have very often, these thirty-two years, been at Nantucket." Hiacoomes, the Indian pastor of one of the Vineyard churches, was accustomed to labor religiously on the island of Nantucket. In 1674, John Gibbs, alias Assasammough, was pastor there. There were about twenty men and ten women in the church, and about forty baptised youths and children. Capt. Gookin wrote in 1674: "there is about 300 Indians, young and old, who pray to God and keep the Sabbath upon the island; they meet to worship God at three places, viz: Ogganname, where the church meets, at Wammasquid, and Squate-sit; there are four Indian teachers upon that island—John Gibbs, pastor, Joseph Samuel & Caleb, who also teacheth school. This Caleb is one of them that gave me this information. He earnestly desires to learn to read and understand English; and intreated me to procure him an English Bible, which accordingly he had by order of the Commissioners." Rev. John Cotton wrote thus, 14th Sept. 1674: "At Nantucket, according to my best intelligence, there are three praying towns; and praying Indians, about 300 males and females; one church, the pastor is John Gibbs; the men in church fellowship are about 20; the women 10. Their children are all baptized. The English upon that island, who are about twenty-seven families and many of them Anabaptists, did at first seek to hinder them from administering baptism to infants; but now they are quiet and meddle not with them." In Rev. Cotton Mather's celebrated "MAGNALIA CHRISTI AMERICANA" may be found a letter from John Gardner, dated May 17, 1694, which states that the decay of the Indians is great. There were but about five hundred grown persons, and, he says, "as to their worship, there are 3 societies or churches; two Congregational, one of the Baptists, but their number is small; but there are five constant assemblies or meetings; two amongst them that went by the name of the *antepealames* or *powatoms*; and that I may now say, there is not known a Powan amongst them; and although it is true, there is a great decay in religion among the first societies, many of their best men, and I may say, good men, are dead; yet amongst the now praying Indians there is an increase, God raising up some even of themselves preachers and serious men too some of them; which is a cause of thankfulness; but that there is a decay with many, is to be lamented; the cause I take to be their not

preserving the truth in the love of it; their love to drink; their being more mindful of form than substance, which puts me upon endeavor to make them sensible, that it is neither circumcision nor incircumcision is anything, but the keeping the commandments of God; faith that works by love, the new creature, and things of that nature."

An ancient but interesting volume, entitled "Indian Converts, or some Account of the Lives and Dying Speeches of a considerable number of the Christianized Indians of Martha's Vineyard and New England," and written by Experience Mayhew, M. A., Preacher of the Gospel to the Indians of that Island, has a place on the shelves of Yale College library. It was published in London, 1727. From it I take the following passage, which is doubtless as true of the Nantucket Indians as any. "The number of women truly fearing God, has by some been thought to exceed that of men so doing; but whether the observation will generally hold true or not, I shall not now inquire; or if it will, stay to consider the reasons of it. However, it seems to be a Truth with respect to our Indians, so far as my knowledge of them extends, that there have been, and are a greater number of their women appearing pious than of the men among them." Thirty-nine of these religious women were mentioned in the book, which also contained excellent mention of Indian pastors, especially Hiacoomes.

As the race of Nantucket Indians is utterly extinct, of course nothing can be said of their religious history at this day. The last Indian was Abraham Quady, whose picture hangs in the Nantucket Atheneum, and he was a half-breed. I do not know whether he was ever connected with any church, but I remember having once a short conversation with him on religious subjects, in which he expressed a Christian hope. He spoke of his child who died from some sad casualty, and expressed sorrowful yet Christian submission to the Divine will. His death occurred quite recently, and he is still vividly remembered by the adults of Nantucket.

Nov. 2, 1872

Concerning That Indian Wall.

Owing to the widespread local interest in the threatened destruction of the Indian boundary of boulders, in the construction of the state road, THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR resolved to investigate at headquarters. A representative therefore called on Contractor Luther and is thus enabled to relieve all anxiety on that score. Mr. Luther showed more than an ordinary interest in the correspondence concerning the affair, and was sorry that there had been any fear that his work was likely in any way to prove destructive to the very interesting historical relics on the island. He is largely interested in these affairs himself, and would be unwilling that any such vandalism should occur through his instrumentality. He furthermore expressed his firm conviction that none of these boulders would ever be used in state road building, for the simple reason that it would not be profitable to transport them, and there was plenty of material at hand that could be made serviceable without using these precious landmarks.

Dec. 16, 1899

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CAMBRIDGEPORT, Sept. 21st, 1879.

Messrs. Editors:—The letter of William C. Folger published in your issue of the 20th, expresses a thought relative to our common ancestor, Peter Folger, which I believe I can authoritatively set at rest. He states in his letter, "Peter taught school and surveyed land there, and assisted in the missionary work among the native Indians, being employed by the Society in England, as I have heard." There is but little doubt, I think, of the fact that Peter Folger came to America in the same vessel with Rev. Hugh Peters in the year 1635. The date of arrival is clearly set forth in the life of Sir Henry Vane, Hist. & Gen. Reg., Vol. II., page 127:

"Early in the year 1635, there was a great movement in England among the Friends of religious liberty, which before the year expired eventuated in an emigration to New England of upwards of three thousand people. Among this great number was Sir Henry Vane. Vane sailed from London in the ship *Defence* about the 10th of August, 1635, and arrived in Boston the third of October following, making the long passage of fifty-three days. In the same ship came the Rev. Thomas Shepard, Rev. John Wilson, Rev. John Jones, Roger Harlakenden, with several servants, or perhaps some of the above-named in disguise to escape the pursuivants. Hugh Peters and John Winthrop, Jr., were also of the same company."

"In 1642 Thomas Mayhew obtained a grant of Martha's Vineyard and sent thither his son Thomas and several other persons who settled at Edgartown." [Pond's Watertown, page 364.] Among these it is supposed was Peter Folger.

"The first church in Edgartown, says Experience Mayhew, was gathered in 1641, and Thomas Mayhew was ordained its first pastor. As this was a year before the island was purchased, or the Mayhews are supposed to have moved to the island, there must be a mistake in the date, unless Thomas Mayhew went to the Vineyard before the purchase was made," which was undoubtedly the case. [See Thaxter's Edgartown Notes.] "Mayhew's first Indian convert (Hiacommes) was in 1643, and Elliot's conversant of Waban was in 1646."

Cotton Mather's *Magnalia*, in describing the labors of Thomas Mayhew the younger, says "Mr. Mayhew continued his almost unexpressible labour and vigilant care for the good of the Indians, whom he justly esteemed his joy and crown. God moved the hearts of some godly christians in England to advance a considerable sum for encouraging the propagating the gospel to Indians in New England; and seeing the spirit given to sundry of the Indians with the gift of prophesying according to the promise given by Him who 'ascended and gave gifts unto men,' an able, godly Englishman, named Peter Foulger, who was employed in teaching the youth in reading, writing, and the principles of religion by catechisms; and being well learned in the Scriptures, able to assist them in what might be needful." Vol. I., 567.

Palfrey says, "In the eighth year of their administration (1658) the outlay of the Society for Evangelizing the Indians, according to the account then rendered, amounted to five hundred and twenty pounds. Elliot's salary was £50. That of Mayhew, (the younger) who was now dead, had been the same. His father, who succeeded him, had £20, and his widow had a gratuity of the same amount. Thomas and Jacob, two Indian interpreters and schoolmasters that instructed the Indians at Martha's Vineyard, had each £10. Peter Foulger, English schoolmaster that taught the Indians and instructed them on the Lord's day, received £25—half as much as the apostle Eliot, and Mr. Eliot's son, and Mr. Piereson, of Branford, Connecticut, for their labors among the Indians, each £20." "The evangelical labors of Thomas Mayhew, the younger," says Palfrey, "in Martha's Vineyard, had proceeded those of Eliot, at least in respect to systematic instruction. They were so successful that, in his first communication to the Society for Propagating the Gospel, he was able to report 'through the mercy of God,' there are an hundred ninety-nine men, women and children, that have professed themselves to be worshippers of the great and ever living God."—Oct. 1651. In the next year, 1652, the number of his converts had increased to "two hundred eighty-three Indians, not counting young children. Public worship was conducted natives in two places on the Lord's day, and at thirty Indian children were at school."

Their labors were not confined to the Vineyard, but early extended to Nantucket. Gookin says "The good father, the governor (Mayhew) being always ready to encourage and assist his son in that good work, not only upon the Vineyard but upon Nantucket isle, which is about twenty miles from it: God's blessing in the success of their labours was, and is very great; for the gospel in that place hath been, as the scripture speaks, like leaven, a little whereof hath leavened the whole lump of these two islands; which two islands have a considerable number of people upon them. Unto all or most of them the gospel is now spread, and divers of them we hope are in truth brought home to God. This work prospered with good success several years." The church records of Dorchester mention a visit from Peter Folger, July 5, 1659. The teaching and ruling elders met at Roxbury, with the messengers of other churches, to hear the Indians make a relation of the work of God upon their soul. At which time there were six that made their relation in the Indian tongue, which was repeated by Mr. Eliot in English, and the truth of each relation was witnessed to by Mr. Pearson of Long Island, by Goodman Fouldier, of Martha's Vineyard, and by Mr. Eliot's own son." The foregoing meeting was held three days after that of the original partners who purchased Nantucket at Saulisbury, and which led to its settlement by the whites. The efforts to evangelize the Indians both at Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket were carried on at the same time. In a letter of Gov. Mayhew, Sept. 1674, he writes "And for Nantucket, there is a church which relates to me. They, as I said, first joined into full worship here, and since became a church orderly, and is increased. Upon that island are many praying Indians. Also the families of that island are about three hundred. I have oftentimes accounted the families of both islands; and have very often these thirty-two years been at Nantucket." My business cares so tax my time and strength I am unable to give the attention to these interesting enquiries which I would otherwise gladly do, but I read with great interest and carefully preserve the valuable historical contributions furnished by "W. C. F." and others to your invaluable record the *Inquirer and Mirror*; long may it remain in a vigorous, green age, when those of us who so dearly love the old home, its history and associations, are covered by the sods of the valley. GEORGE H. FOLGER.

Sept. 27, 1879

From an Occasional Correspondent.

BOSTON, March 25, 1877.

Messrs. Editors:—I have recently stumbled upon an article in an old medical magazine of the year 1811, which I think may interest your readers. It is from the pen of a Dr. Joseph Parrish who visited the island of Nantucket in the summer of 1805, and describes a severe and malignant form of typhus or ship fever which raged among the Indians on the island in 1763-64.

Dr. Parrish obtained his information from Richard Mitchell, "an ancient and very respectable friend, who was one of the selectmen at the time of the calamity," and also from the relatives of Zaccheus Macy (deceased), who kindly put the latter's diary and papers at the Doctor's service. The disease was introduced as follows: A vessel arrived off the bar in August, 1763, having on board a number of passengers from Ireland. Several persons from a neighboring island brought the intelligence to the town that two dead bodies had been seen floating in the sea. The selectmen, fearing that there might be small-pox on board the vessel, sent two persons who had already had that disease, to ascertain the condition of things on board. They returned and reported yellow fever. The selectmen issued orders to the captain to throw no more of the bodies overboard, but to bury the dead on the shore, and sent him shovels and spades for that purpose. They also forbade any one from the ship to enter the town. Several of the passengers, however, disobeyed this order, and went ashore, and in this way the fever was started. An Indian servant of one Mary Quinn, in whose house the passengers lodged, was taken with the disease and died, and it soon spread among the Indians all over the island. The sick had scarcely any care, the physicians refusing to attend them. The good doctor then goes on to describe the symptoms, which I considerably omit. Eight Indians who removed to a remote part of the island and avoided all intercourse with

the sick, remained free from the disease. Some others, principally boys and girls who lived in the town with the white people, also escaped. Strangely enough, all the white inhabitants were exempted from the epidemic, with the exception of Mary Quinn, who, it is said, had the disease, but recovered. It lasted from August 1763 until February 1764. Of the two hundred and fifty-nine Indians who were sick, two hundred and twenty-three died and thirty-six recovered. The remaining one hundred who lived upon the island, principally children, escaped. This was a heavy blow to them, and in 1788 their whole number was reduced to five males and thirteen females. Zaccheus Macy, whose diary extends as far back as 1722, says of the Indians, as worthy of note, that he never knew one of them to be deaf, although blindness was quite common. Perhaps this is all an old story to you, but I never happened to hear of it before and so send it.

It is not often that judges allow themselves to be funny, but there is a certain grim humor in a decision just rendered by Judge Lowell in the United States District Court. A seaman libelled the owners of his ship for wages and for salvage of a boat, upon which he escaped when the ship was burned at sea. The wages were not allowed, for some reason or other, and in regard to the salvage, the Judge says, "The libellant asks salvage for the boat, but as the boat appears to have saved him quite as much as he the boat, that account is *in equilibrio*." There is a strong salty air pervading the court room when these admiralty cases are tried. "Starboard" and "port" are bandied about in a way to strike terror to land-lubbers. The Judge however, is fully up in all the nautical vocabulary, and can follow the ships through the most complicated manoeuvres. Sometimes a witness expresses a fear that his seaphrases will puzzle His Honor, but he soon finds that the Judge knows as much about it as he does.

The Spitz dog has been causing a great deal of trouble of late. An attempt was made to have a law of extermination passed, and a hearing was had at the State House. Learned doctors testified, and as usual, disagreed. Some imputed all known vices to the Spitz dog; to others he was the incarnation of all canine virtues. Amid such a conflict, who could decide? Certainly, not the average member of the Great and General Court, and so the matter remains, *in statu quo*. The Spitz dog roams the streets unmolested, or barks loudly in the halls of fashionable houses, mercilessly attacking the shins of the unoffending visitor. They are nasty, snappish little things, but it has not yet appeared that they are responsible for all the sins, in the way of hydrophobia or otherwise, which have been laid to their charge.

The juggler, Cazeneuve is now astonishing the town with his performances. He has many new tricks, and what makes it all the more interesting is, that he uses very little apparatus. His performances with cards are simply wonderful. For one thing, he shuffles the cards by keeping them moving from one hand to the other in a steady and unbroken stream, in the form of an arch, the hands being some eight inches apart. He takes a pack of cards, and, standing in the midst of the audience, rubs them in his hands; the cards grow smaller and smaller, until he holds a pack about as large as an ordinary postage stamp. Suddenly they all disappear. Cards are spirited about in a way that sets all laws at defiance, and are made to reappear in oranges, or dragged out of the pockets, or hats of persons in the audience. Almost all his tricks are new and very clever. He closes the performance with his Indian trunk trick. Two trunks are used; the inner one, which fits easily into the other, is locked, corded and sealed in many places with strips of paper and sealing-wax, wherever the audience desire. It is then put inside the other trunk, which is also thoroughly locked. Both are then placed upon a platform, slightly raised from the stage, a woman is put beside them and a curtain drawn in front. In about three minutes the curtain is drawn aside, the trunks lifted out and unlocked; and the woman is found inside the inner one, entirely enveloped in a bag with the string tightly drawn. None of the strips of paper have been disturbed, the cord is in no way changed, and both trunks remain locked. It is perfectly inexplicable. There is no suspicion of the trunks being changed, for the strips of paper are put on in such a way as to perfectly identify the inner one. And, moreover, it seems impossible to open the

trunk in any way without disturbing the strips of paper which are pasted on every part that anyone in the audience may suggest, on top, bottom sides, over the locks, round the corners, everywhere. Cazeneuve speaks only French, and the performances are carried on by means of an interpreter.

I am glad to hear that there was no loss of life in the wreck of the Italian barque. The whole thing speaks well for the efficiency and promptitude of the men of your signal station. I hope that the fish will bite well this spring, and that I shall be able to get down for a few days to see the sport. M.

March 26, 1877

For The Inquirer and Mirror.  
Mr. Editor:

In a recent issue of your paper, an article of inquiry from Dr. Pitman brought to mind interesting facts told me by my father that may be of interest to Dr. Pitman and others.

The year of the pestilence that took off so many of the resident Indians (1763) saw also the sudden departure of the bluefish from our shores. One old Indian prophesied that the bluefish had departed, so also were the Indians going, and when the bluefish came back, the Indians would all be gone, which was true.

In the year 1821, a large concourse of townsmen were gathered together on one of the wharves, earnestly examining a fare of fish just landed. A new fish had been caught. Capt. Thomas Gardner, an old man, strolled down on the wharf, and seeing the crowd earnestly talking, asked the cause. "Why, Capt. Gardner," was the reply, "we have a new fish in our waters that is unlike any seen before." Capt. Gardner looked at it and exclaimed, "It is the bluefish! It is the bluefish come back!" That year the fish were small. In 1821 the last full-blooded Indian died. Capt. Thomas Gardner was my father's grandfather, and related the above to him. The old gentleman died in 1830, at the advanced age of ninety-four years.

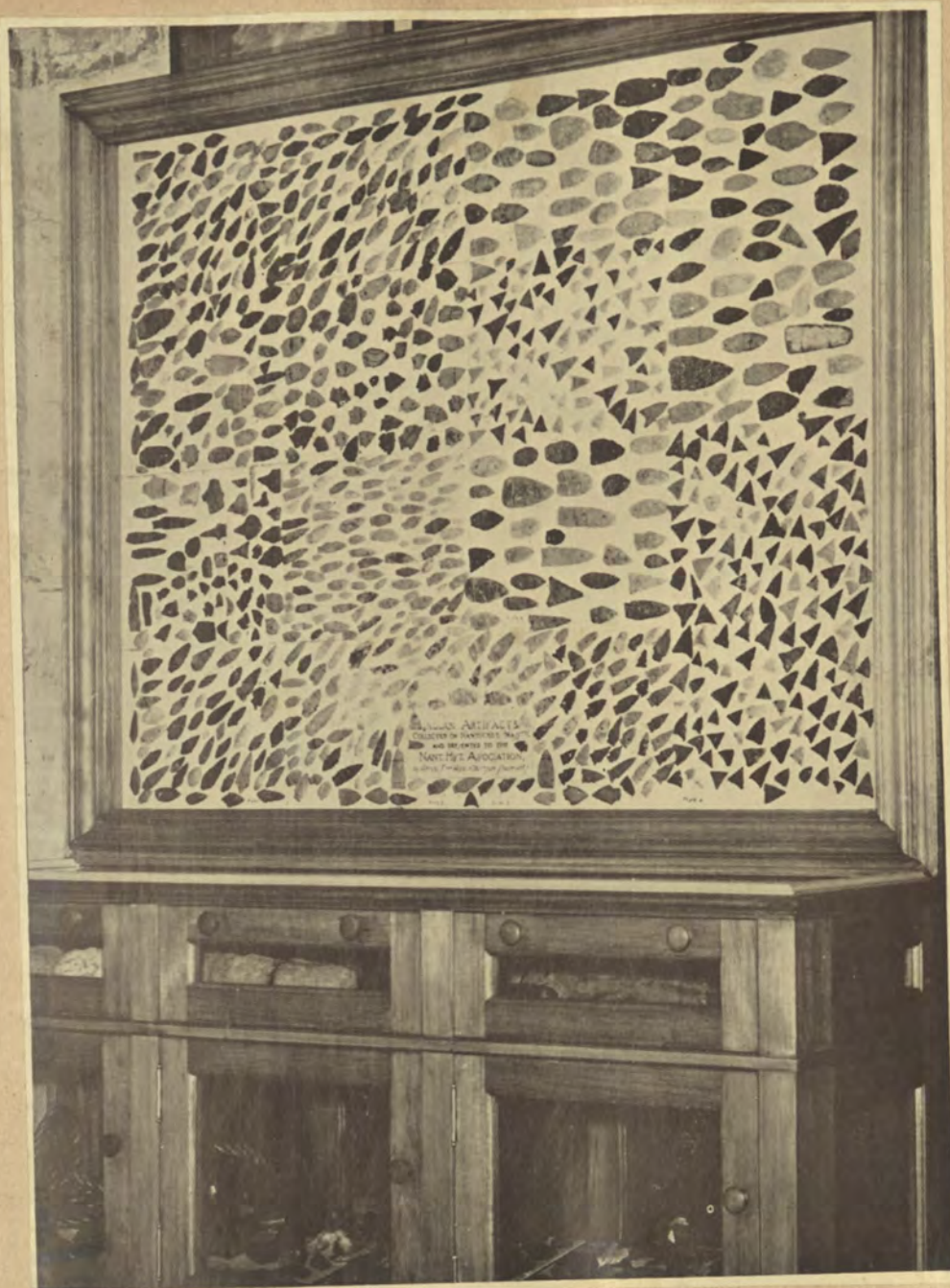
H. G. S.

Apr. 14, 1900

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Shurrocks' Collection of Indian  
Arrow-heads a Notable One.



Shurrocks' Collection of Indian  
Arrow-heads a Notable One.

For several years past, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred F. Shurrocks, of Vestal street, have been engaged in collecting Indian arrowheads, and other relics of the original aboriginal islanders, which are to be found in different localities about Nantucket. Pursuing the practice more or less as a hobby, they have gotten together a notable collection, which includes arrowheads, spear-points, scrapers, sinkers, hammers and other stone implements used by the Indian dwellers of this island. They estimate the total to number over a thousand pieces.

The majority of the pieces have been picked up on the surface of the ground, in out of town roads, scraped sand roads, ploughed fields, and even on concrete roads, where sand has been washed onto the hard surface after a heavy rain. The edges of ponds have yielded a number of "finds," also, and even the harbor shore, when the tide is out, has revealed a stone sinker which was promptly recognized.

Many Nantucketers have from one time to another picked up arrowheads and chips during walks out on the commons. A few islanders have unearthed skeletons of Indians, and found bits of pottery in the grave, as well as other stone implements. But, Mr. and Mrs. Shurrocks have gone about their hobby in a scientific manner, with entirely dissimilar results.

For instance, every piece in their large and varied assortment has been catalogued as to place of discovery, time of year, condition and type. They have even traced the outline of the piece so as to further insure against misplacement.

Many archaeologists and mineralogists who have viewed the Shurrocks' collection have pronounced it not only interesting from the scientific point of view but of considerable importance historically. It is rare, indeed, for any collector to have a certain definite locality represented in his collection, as in most exhibitions, while the pieces may be well represented and varied, it often represents a number of different localities, often from other states.

But the Shurrocks' collection is entirely one of Nantucket Indian implements, and thus is of great value to the student of archaeology and history.

In getting together this unusually large number of specimens of the now vanished Indians' art, Mr. and Mrs. Shurrocks have found material in every portion of the island. Due to the fact that the land along the South Shore and to the westward has been subject to considerable erosion during the passage of time, not many pieces have been found there in comparison to other sections.

The finders followed out certain ideas about Indian life which have been more or less proven by the results of their search. They believed that the Indians lived along the shores of the harbor during the summer, also along the east shore as far as Tom Nevers. In these places they found shell-heaps of clam, quahaug, scallop and oyster shells, showing how the Indians lived on shellfish and fish to a large extent during the summer, and then moved inland during the winter to the shelter of the swamps, there to live on the dried corn and beans that were raised during the growing season.

An arrow-maker's pit usually discloses a quantity of chips accumulated from the process of shaping the arrow point of stone. The collectors have obtained a large number of these chips and stored them away for purpose of future reference. It is not unusual to find arrow-heads and points in the shell-heaps, but of course the chips are a certain indication that the maker of the arrow-head was at work there.

The arrow points found are mostly of quartz and of an impure flint called "chert." Mr. and Mrs. Shurrocks' fine collection of these quartz arrow points show a beautiful assortment of crystal, milky, yellow and brown specimens. The "chert" material yielded some colorful bits of work, while several other arrowheads show a variety of basalt and granite.

There are also some made from the pure flint brought over from England by the settlers. These are interesting from the fact that they were made after the white men landed here. Likewise a number of pieces of flint have been found which came from the old flint-lock muskets, a deduction which

the collectors point out is proven by the fact that pure flint in its natural state is unknown to this section of New England.

While the small bird-points are perhaps the finest of the Indian arrow-makers' art, the spear-heads are the most spectacular. Many spear-heads have been mistaken for arrow-heads, and likewise many stone knives or scrapers have been mistaken by the layman as spear-heads. The Shurrocks' collection contains many splendid examples of the spear-head and the knife. A perfect specimen of an Indian hoe, made from a piece of basalt, is one of the prize bits.

Stone hammers, with a noticeable ridge around it for the thong of the haft, are to be seen, together with the round-shaped sinkers used to keep the crude nets down as well as smaller sinkers for single fishing lines.

One of the extraordinary finds made by Mr. and Mrs. Shurrocks was that of a deer antler which reveals hundreds of years of age. It is their contention that the deer were brought to the island in barter or trade by the Vineyard or Cape Indians. It is also possible that the antlers could have been used for ceremonial purposes, a number of drilled stones having been unearthed at Plainfield which were very evidently used during ceremonies by the natives.

Several persons who have heard of the Shurrocks' collection, have donated arrow points, spear-heads, and hammers, one young man giving a large number of points which he had found near the first mile-stone.

It is the intention of Mr. and Mrs. Shurrocks to give their entire collection, with a catalogue and cabinet, to the Historical Association, for housing in the Fair Street Museum. This is a laudable decision and an important one, for the custodians will have not only a large exhibition of Indian material but a collection which is entirely Nantucket in every respect. There is little doubt but that students of the American Indian will find much that is worthy of study in this island exhibition, so obviously the result of long and painstaking efforts on the part of the collectors.

Mr. and Mrs. Shurrocks are professional folk in their own fields, Mrs. Shurrocks being a well-known botanist and Mr. Shurrocks an architect of high standing.

INDIAN  
Arrow Heads  
WANTED.

Good Prices Paid.

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Oct. 9, 1937  
Aug. 4, 1888

29



### The Shurrocks Collection of Indian Relics.

Mrs. Alfred Shurrocks was my gracious hostess Saturday morning at her home on Vestal street, where I spent a most interesting time looking at the collection of Indian relics and listening to her tell of them.

Mr. Shurrocks is an architect by profession, but both he and Mrs. Shurrocks have always been interested in collecting Indian relics and studying Indian lore. It was in 1929, when walking to town from Dionis, that they found their first arrowhead on the west side of Capaum Pond. Since then they have found their arrowheads, hammerheads, knives, axe-heads, scrapers, sinkers, drills, etc., on all parts of the island, in fields and in roads. On some of the stones lichen had grown on top. These arrowheads are made of all kinds of stone found on Nantucket, and of a certain hardness. Among the stones represented are flint, quartz, jasper, and chert (an impure kind of flint). There originally was no pure flint on the island, but it was brought over by Colonists, who used it for ballast for their ships, and then sold it to the settlers and Indians.

Among the divisions of the stones found here are yellow, red, green, smoky, blue, amethyst, milky white, crystal, half-crystal, sugary white, and sugary yellow quartz; blue, light blue, green, purple, white, and gray chert; yellow (found also in Pennsylvania, and red jasper (found in Saugus, near Lynn).

The arrowheads include the bird points, used to kill birds and small game. Drills were used for surgery and for boring beads. The top of one drill was found in 1935, the bottom of the same stone was found eleven months later in practically the same place. Scrapers were used to smooth wood for arrows. The hammer-heads are large round stones with a groove around the middle for the handle. Spearheads are usually long and slender, used chiefly for spearing fish. Every adult Indian had at least one knife; these knives varied in size and shape. One part of a knife was found in a road, the other part was found seven feet away; evidently a car had broken it and carried the last piece away.

After deciding to make an arrowhead, the Indian started with a good stone, striking off pieces with another stone, roughly shaping it. He shaped it more and more until it was small enough to be weakened with blows. Then he took another stone and pried off the chips by pressure. Some people claim it took from one to two weeks to make an arrowhead.

The Indian evidently used antler bones to pry open oysters and other shell fish.

They put chips, bones, and blanks into their shell piles. When these shell piles became odorous the Indian moved his wigwam a few yards away and started another shell pile. Along both sides of Sesachacha Pond shell piles were found.

When an Indian made new arrowheads, he put them into a caché until he needed them. He usually buried them just under the surface or left them on the surface.

The first Indians in New England were the Pre-Algonquins; these were driven out by the present Algonquins. The first Indian records came from their graves.

There were four sachems on Nantucket when the white people came—Potconet, whose territory was Madaket and from the head of Hummock Pond to Mill Hill, and along the North Shore; Wauwinet, whose territory was from Monomoy to Cain's Pond, including Great Point; Wanackmack, whose territory was from Topchue Pond to Altar Rock to Cain's Pond including Siasconset; Autopscoot, whose territory was from the east side of Hummock Pond to Mill Hill, and from Consue Spring to Topchue Pond.

It was found that in the summer the Indians lived near the water in the harbor and sound; in winter they moved into the land.

Ever since Mr. and Mrs. Shurrocks started their collection they had in view the idea of presenting it to the Historical Association. Archeologists consider their collection of over a thousand relics remarkable, and the town will indeed be fortunate to have such a fine collection to hand down to posterity.

Richard Smith, 8-A





1000 Arrowheads Collected in  
5 Years by Nantucket Pair.

From The Boston Herald

Want some real hunting, of the kind which knows no closed seasons, does no harm to anyone and is just about as difficult as finding a needle in a haystack? Then look into the art of finding Indian arrowheads. Anywhere in New England is a happy hunting ground for this authentic sport.

A long time ago the Indians left the majority of their villages. But time has not managed to wipe out their weapons and tools, even though a lot of earth usually covers their hiding places.

The best part of hunting arrowheads is that nature has provided the equipment—sharp eyes, sturdy legs and a back which becomes flexible and unafraid of bending. These things help instruct one in how to tell an arrowhead from a funny-looking pebble. Experience and persistence do the rest, and the thrill of finding the first prize is unforgettable.

To find one head seems a great stroke of luck. However, Nantucket island holds two keen people of old New England stock who have collected approximately 1000 heads in five years, and who are still at it.

Perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Alfred F. Shurrocks have established a world's arrowhead record. They do not care. This sort of hunting, appropriate to folk of Quaker stock, is their great life interest, and satisfaction comes from the fact that all pieces have been found on Nantucket, with not a bit of digging, and without help of others. "Everyone of our heads has been found on the surface," said Mr. Shurrocks, who has as much reverence for the soil of the Faraway Island as for its weathered old houses, which, as an architect, he has done much to preserve for posterity. "We've never disturbed an Indian grave, although we've had chances to. We feel that would be irreverent to those who ruled here in the past."

Not until five years ago did the Shurrocks decide to add arrowhunting to their hobbies. Mrs. Shurrocks was already an authority on the flora of the island, and she and her husband, in their lovely home on the edge of the moors, had taken extreme pleasure in rare pieces of Colonial furniture.

When they found their first head, while walking along casually, they did not realize that the discovery would keep them roaming the moors, beaches and secluded roads in all kinds of weather and even on moonlight nights, noses to the great grindstone of Mother Earth.

However, one find led to another. There was little competition. The townsfolk were busy, and the summer folk held too closely to their cars or to the beaches and bars to engage patiently in examining every bit of stone sticking out of the somewhat scrabbly soil.

As time went on, the collection grew and the hunting became more difficult. Today, as this correspondent knows to his mingled delight and discomfort (to say nothing of blistered nose and hardened fingertips), the days when the Shurrocks used to return home with as many as 35 heads as a single afternoon's prize have gone.

Yet the arrowheads are still on Nantucket, plenty of them, under the moors, in the sand banks beside the roads, on the edges of the beaches. Three days of search brought the writer a single one—a precious bit of chert, chipped perhaps 200 years ago by a dusky craftsman.

The last rainy day saw the Shurrocks roving the fields. Rain washes the protecting soil from arrowheads. The spring plowing also uncovers them, and by some mysterious movement of the earth, they are often pushed up from obscurity, like flowers from roots.

Perhaps the case of the broken arrowhead was most unusual. About four years ago the Shurrocks found half a head. Hunt as they might, the other half remained coy. Last spring they returned to the same spot, and there the other half had pushed itself up. It was a great triumph fitting this piece to the broken head.

Shurrocks arrow heads are often as beautiful as jewels. They are made of white, rose, black, gray and other kinds of quartz. Some are of flint, which may have come from the nearest source of flint—Mt. Katahdin, Maine. Other flint came from England. Some heads are of jasper, felsite and rare stones.

"Nantucket was a fine field for arrowhead making," said Mr. Shurrocks, his eyes gleaming in pride over his superb collection. Happy though he is, he will not be completely satisfied until an Indian pipe made of pottery turns up. Instinct tells the Shurrocks there are some in the island soil. Some day, between arrowhead crops, they may emerge.

Eventually, perhaps within a year, the Shurrocks will give their arrowheads to the Nantucket Historical Association, of which Edouard A. Stackpole, the author, is president. But the couple will still keep on hunting.

Indian Artifacts Presented To  
The Historical Association.

The largest collection of Indian artifacts yet gathered on Nantucket has been presented to the Nantucket Historical Association by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred F. Shurrocks, of Vestal street, Nantucket, the collectors. It is not only an extremely valuable addition to the Historical Rooms on Fair street but represents one of the most complete collections of its kind yet gathered in New England. With but few exceptions, the arrow-points, drills and other implements were all gathered by Mr. and Mrs. Shurrocks over a period of several years. The names of the contributors are noted.

The collection occupies a prominent position in the Fair street building of the Association. The points have been mounted with painstaking care by Mr. and Mrs. Shurrocks and present a striking appearance in a large, glass-enclosed panel. Other implements are housed in the lower part of the cabinet, in specially designed drawers, glass-topped. The cabinet was made by Thomas Giffin.

The Nantucket Indians of historic times were probably Nausets, belonging to the great Algonquin group, who occupied Cape Cod and the islands. In this collection are artifacts of these Indians; also, are a few artifacts of a prehistoric group called by Mrs. Charles Willoughby, of Harvard University, "Pre-Algonquian." Such pre-historic implements have been found on the island by others, and presented to the collectors.

In the Shurrocks' Collection are 962 points and 38 other artifacts, all of which are surface finds, with one or two exceptions. Knives, triangular points, stem points or various kinds, drills, spears, scrapers, seine and net snikers, hammers, axes, and a pestle have been found in all parts of the Island, along the harbor shore among beach pebbles, from Monomoy to Wauwinet; inland, near springs and ponds; in ploughed fields and rutted roads.

The two pieces of a drill were found in practically the same spot one year and one month apart, and of a point, four years and seven months apart.

Mr. and Mrs. Shurrocks also located over 90 shellheaps or kitchen middens. Near them they found caches; only a few points, and of these the majority broken, have been found in the shellheaps themselves, they stated, but on them and in the vicinity have been found shreds of pottery. The pottery shreds show characteristic Indian decorations, made with stick, cord and cloth. The binders were sand and powdered shells. The stone materials were native quartz, porphyritic felsite, slate, and chert. Chert is a low grade of flint. The only imported ones are English flint, and red and yellow jasper.

The Historical Association is indeed fortunate in receiving such a valuable exhibit of island aboriginal history. There is little doubt but that it will prove one of the most popular among the many outstanding collections within the Fair street Historical Rooms.

Mr. and Mrs. Shurrocks make grateful acknowledgement to the following contributors to their collection: Master Stanley Arges, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Ashley, 3rd, John H. Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. Artemus Cahoon, Miss June Coffin, Arthur Collins, Lawrence Dame, Mrs. Francis W. Davis and Mrs. Raynor M. Gardiner, Mrs. Thomas Drake, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson O. Dunham, Mrs. Waldon Fawcett, A. L. B. Fisher, Miss Lila Fisher, Miss Annie Alden Folger, Kenneth L. Hammond, Mrs. Julian H. Harris, William N. Lewis, Walter Lubig, Mr. and Mrs. Willard B. Marden, Eugene S. Morris, Bertest Ray, John C. Ring, Hugh D. Rose, Jarvis Schauffler, Miss Nancy Selden, William O. Shurrocks, Master Curtis Snow, Master Huntley Taylor, Jr., Edward P. Tice, Harry B. Turner, H. Emerson Tuttle, Herman Voorneveld, William Voorneveld, Elmer Watts, Arthur Williams, John R. Wood.

JULY 6, 1940.

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### The Vision of the Medicine-Men.

"When the awful eyes of Pauguk  
Glare upon us in the darkness."

Ye who love the ocean breezes,  
Love the cool winds from the ocean,  
Love the salty smell of marshlands,  
And the boom of rushing waters  
On the jetties and the sand-bars,  
Listen to these simple annals  
Of the island of Nantucket—  
Restful island of Nantucket.  
Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,  
Who have faith in God and Nature,  
Who believe that medicine-men  
Working with both God and Nature  
For the healing of the people,  
Groping blindly in the darkness,  
For the cure of mortal anguish,  
Touch God's right hand in the darkness,  
And are lifted up and strengthened—  
Listen to this wondrous vision  
Of the medicine-men, the medas.  
Off the coast of Massachusetts,  
South by east from Massachusetts,  
Where the Gulf stream sends its current  
Hot with sunshine from the southlands  
Through the deep and chill Atlantic,  
Gitche Manito the Mighty—  
He the Master of Life descending—  
Tossed some sand dunes from the ocean,  
Made the island of Nantucket,  
Thirty miles from Massachusetts,  
Thirty miles from off the mainland.  
And he breathed his breath upon it,  
On the isle his hands had fashioned  
With its rushing of great waters,  
With its moorlands and its fenlands,  
And its melancholy marshes,  
Swept by salt air from the ocean;  
And his heart was glad within him,  
Very glad and proud his heart was,  
And he said "I'll send a people  
Worthy to possess this island."  
So he sent the Swains and Husseys,  
Sent the Macys and the Starbucks,  
Sent the Coffins, Colemans, Mitchells,  
Sent the Folgers and the Gardners,  
To possess the land he'd fashioned,  
And with pride he looked upon them;  
With paternal pride and fondness  
Spake to them with voice majestic:  
"O my children, my dear children,  
I have given to you this island,  
All its ponds for you to fish in,  
All its marshes full of wild fowl,  
All its 'Commons' gay with wild  
flowers,  
And this vast and boundless ocean  
For your many ships to sail on,  
For I find that you are worthy,  
You alone of all the nation,  
Worthy to possess this island,  
Live upon it and possess it—  
You and your descendants after.  
So forthwith the Swains and Husseys,  
And the Macys and the Starbucks  
With the Coffins, Colemans, Mitchells  
And the Folgers and the Gardners,  
Took the island and possessed it,  
They and their descendants after,  
And they thrive and prospered on it,  
Sent great ships to sail the ocean,  
Sent their merchantmen and whalers,  
Reaped rich incomes from their voyages  
Haughty grew and self-assertive  
With the pride of birth and whale-oil.  
But alas! in Pennsylvania,  
Distant land of Pennsylvania,  
Suddenly appeared the oil-king,  
Stood erect and called the merchants,  
Called the business men together;

From his footsteps flowed a river  
Leaped into the light of morning,  
From the brown earth darting upward.  
And the oil-king stooping earthward  
With his finger on the fountain  
Traced innumerable pathways  
Saying to it "Run in this way,"  
And the crude petroleum followed,  
And the prophets said: "Behold it!  
It shall bring light to the nations,  
Nations that have dwelt in darkness."  
But the people of Nantucket  
Desolate stood upon their island  
Looking outward o'er the ocean;  
In their faces fierce defiance,  
In their hearts a bitter hatred  
Of this new and strange discovery,  
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!  
All our wealth is wrested from us,  
All our grandeur has departed,  
All our feats of wondrous prowess,  
Feats of perilous adventure,  
Of indomitable courage,  
Are but tales of days departed".  
And their hearts were hot within them;  
Like to living coals their hearts were.  
Then the Master of Life descending  
Looked upon them with compassion  
With paternal love and pity,  
Over them he stretched his right hand.  
To allay their grief and heart-burn,  
Spake to them with voice majestic  
As the sound of far-off waters,  
Beating on the shore at 'Sconset,  
On the Pochick Rips at 'Sconset,  
Soothing, calming spake in this wise:  
"O my children, my dear children;  
You, the Swains, and you the Husseys,  
You the Macys and the Starbucks,  
And the Coffins, Colemans, Mitchells,  
And the Folgers and the Gardners,  
In whose veins was mixed pure gold-  
dust,  
With the common clay of mortals;  
Listen to the words of comfort,  
Listen to the words of promise  
From the lips of the Great Spirit  
From the Master of Life who made you:  
"I will send to you the strangers,  
Many strangers from off Island,  
They shall feed you and shall clothe you  
They shall bring their wampum to you,  
Bring their wampum hard and yellow,  
Spend it freely on your island.  
By the freshness of your breezes,  
By the rolling of your moorlands,  
With their varied lights and shadows  
And their bloom of gorse and wild-  
flower,  
You shall conquer and o'ercome them  
You shall straightway draw them to  
you."  
So in this wise came the strangers,  
Came the strangers from off-island,  
Built them wigwams like the natives,  
Placed their own ancestral totems  
Close beside the haughty natives,  
Smoked with them the summer peace-  
pipe,  
Joined with them in all their pow-wows  
Joined with them in friendly union  
For the welfare of the island,  
And the people grew and prospered.  
Then the Medicine-men, the Medas,  
Spake with naked hearts together,  
Pondering much and much contriving  
How to make themselves more useful,  
How to make their skill more helpful  
To the people of Nantucket.  
"Listen," said they, "O, ye people,  
Listen to our words of wisdom,  
Listen to our words of warning;  
Heavy burdens rest upon us,  
And our spirits faint beneath them.

[Continued on Third Page]

Long have we endured in silence,  
Toiled untiringly in silence,  
Both for islanders and strangers;  
We have antidotes for poisons,  
We have cures for all diseases,  
All the skill of famous Medas  
Known upon the distant mainland,  
But we have no special wigwam  
For the comfort of our patients.  
Give to us a special wigwam  
Well equipped with all that's needed  
For the succor of the injured,  
For the healing of the ailing."  
So the Medas pleaded fiercely,  
Standing there before the people,  
Shook their medicine-pouches wildly  
In the faces of the people,  
Cried with grim determination,  
With persistent iteration:  
"You must do it, we must have it,  
You must give to us a hospital  
Such as doctors have in Boston."  
Then alas! the Swains and Husseys,  
And the Macys and the Starbucks,  
And the Coffins, Colemans, Mitchells,  
And the Folgers and the Gardners,  
Looked askance at one another—  
Fearful spake with one another—  
Saying: "How shall we do this thing?"  
True, we're conscious of the gold-dust  
Mingled with the clay we're made of,  
Proudly conscious that this gold-dust,  
Makes us a peculiar people;  
But alas! we're sadly conscious  
That it has no market value."  
Then the strangers from off-island,  
Ever generous, ever ready  
In all good works for the island,  
Answered promptly: "Never worry!  
We will help you build this wigwam,  
Special wigwam for the suffering,  
Like a hospital in Boston.  
We will add to yours our wampum  
We will share with you our gold-dust.  
Not from veins of island sea-kings  
Comes the gold-dust that we offer,  
But from ache of brain and muscle  
And it has good market value."  
And the Medicine-men triumphant  
Saw this vision of the future—  
Far and wide through all the nations  
Spreads the fame of old Nantucket,  
Spreads the fame of her skilled Medas,  
Of her Medicine-men, the Medas.  
"Behold!" they say "this is Ponemah,  
This the Island of the Blessed,  
With its health-abounding breezes  
From the broad and deep Atlantic,  
With its wigwam for the succor  
Of the injured and the ailing,  
Like to hospitals of Boston.  
Never shall the eyes of Pauguk  
Glare upon us in the darkness,  
Never shall his icy fingers  
Clasp our fingers in the darkness,  
Health and strength and life eternal  
Is the promise of this island.  
Beautiful was the day, O, stranger,  
When you came so far to see us,  
All our town in joy awaits you,  
All our doors stand open for you,  
You shall enter all our wigwams  
And the heart's right hand we give you.  
Never bloomed our moors so gaily  
As today they bloom and blossom,  
When you come so far to see us.  
Dwell henceforth in friendship with us  
Dwell in friendship, O, ye strangers,  
In the ties of closest friendship  
With the Swains and with the Husseys,  
With the Macys and the Starbucks,  
With the Coffins, Colemans, Mitchells,  
With the Folgers and the Gardners;  
Dwell forever on this island  
Dear old Island of Nantucket."

C. E. S.



## "THE LEGEND OF WAUWINET"

A Pretty Indian Legend of Nantucket, Written by Miss Charlotte P.  
Baxter and First Published in The Inquirer and  
Mirror Nearly Forty Years Ago.

(Re-published by request.)

As backward, Time doth point his hand  
Across a century's glory  
All eyes are turned and all our land  
Repeats the wondrous story.

In retrospection all can see  
The deeds of our great nation;  
And all rejoice, from those made free  
To those of highest station.

Then seated by our own fireside,  
Each hears in dim tradition,  
Some tale that he may claim with pride  
And joyful recognition.

And farther back we look and see—  
Far back across the ages—  
Brave deeds once done on land and sea  
Unknown to History's pages.

Now backward let us turn our gaze;  
For here, beside the ocean,  
The waves might tell of other days,  
As they toss in ceaseless motion.

.....  
In the days almost forgotten;  
In the days before our island  
Heard the tread of white man's foot-steps,  
Heard the stir of active commerce,  
Saw the gleaming sails of vessels—  
In those days almost forgotten—  
On our island dwelt the red men.  
Long they dwelt in peace together,  
Following out their daily callings,  
Broke the land and fished or hunted;  
And at night beside the wigwam,  
When the South Wind, Shawondasee,  
From his home of warmth and beauty  
Breathed upon them in the stillness  
Of the peaceful summer evening,  
There they smoked the pipe together;  
Fashioned there the heads of arrows,  
Into baskets wove the willow.  
And when from the land of Winter—  
From the land of cold and darkness—  
Came the drear Habibonokka,  
Came the dreary, cruel North Wind,  
Then within the wigwam seated  
By the cheerful, blazing firewood,  
There they told strange tales and legends,  
Or, with greater skill and cunning,  
Carved, from pieces of the pine tree,  
Bowls and spoons of strange devices.

.....  
On the east side of the island—  
Where they said from out the waters  
Spoke the voice of the Great Spirit—  
There in harmony together,  
Dwelt the tribe of old Wauwinet.  
Well beloved was this great Sachem;  
Well beloved of all his people;  
And they listened to his counsels,  
And they hearkened to his wisdom.  
Dear to him were all his people;  
But of all the nearest, dearest,  
Was his daughter, was Wonoma.  
She the loveliest and the gentlest,  
Well she knew the art of healing;  
Skilled was she in all the uses  
Of the herbs that grew around them.  
And, whenever from the waters,  
Spoke the voice of the Great Spirit,  
She could tell unto her people  
What the words were, and the meaning.

.....  
On the west side of the island,  
And upon the hills, Popsquatchet,  
Dwelt the tribe of brave Autopsot.  
He, the young, the learned, the noble,  
He, the pride of all his people  
For his learning and his goodness;  
Once, when Fever came among them,  
Laid his hand so hot and blasting  
On the bravest and the wisest,  
Then it was that their Autopsot  
Hearing of the young Wonoma—  
Hearing of her art in healing—  
Sent a messenger unto her,  
Praying her to come and save them  
From the cruel, blasting Fever.  
With the messenger, Wosoka—  
While the morning star shone brightly,  
Smiling at its own reflection  
Mirrored in the calm still waters—  
From her home went forth Wonoma,  
And she came among the people  
Dying with the cruel Fever,  
And she cooled the burning forehead.

.....  
Words of comfort spake she to them  
And she healed them and she saved them;  
This great people learned to love her;  
Looked upon her as their savior;  
And they prayed her tarry with them  
That they might, in some way, show  
How they blessed her for her goodness—  
For the boon of life she gave them.  
Then Autopsot, their great Sachem  
Spoke and said unto Wonoma:—

"Oh! Wonoma, ever cherished  
Will thy name be by my people,  
And I pray you listen to them—  
Listen to the prayers they utter.  
For their sakes I pray you listen,  
But above all, for my own sake,  
For the great love that I bear you."  
And Wonoma answered, smiling,  
That because she loved his people,  
But more truly loved their leader,  
She would come again among them—  
Come again to go not from them.  
Would you know? Then I would tell you  
How the pleasant, friendly feeling,  
Which so long a time existed  
Twixt the tribe of old Wauwinet  
And the people of Autopsot,  
Changed to hard and angry feelings,  
Then to feelings of deep hatred,  
Till a war arose between them  
And the land was wrapped in darkness  
From the war-cloud resting o'er them.  
Would you know, then I would tell you  
How the cause of this contention  
Was the slightest, was most trivial;  
How the feelings of great hatred  
Simply grew from a discussion  
Of the land that lay between them.  
But Wauwinet, the great Sachem,  
Tiring of this useless bloodshed,  
Called in council round about him  
Many of his wisest warriors;  
And they laid a plan most subtle,  
How they might when least expected,  
Steal upon that Western people;  
Capture them and make them prisoners.

.....  
I would tell you how Wonoma  
Chanced to overhear this council;  
How she listened, almost spell-bound  
By the words she heard them utter,  
And the first thought that came to her  
Was the thought that she must save him,  
Must, in some way, save her lover.  
Much she knew she loved her father,  
But much more she loved Autopsot.

She would brave all things to save him—  
Even risk her life, if need be.  
When her people all were sleeping,  
Forth she stole from out her wigwam,  
To the water quickly sped she,  
Launched her boat, and in the darkness  
Rowed with greatest skill and caution  
Toward the people she was saving.  
Very dark the night seemed to her,  
And she prayed the mighty Father  
That He would in safety guide her  
To the people she was saving:  
Then, as if her prayer was answered;  
Slowly up from out the waters  
Rose the moon in all its beauty,  
Giving light unto her pathway,  
To her heart the needed courage.

.....  
Very tiresome was the journey,  
And her strength almost exhausted  
When she reached a place of landing,  
Where upon the shining beach sand,  
She might leave her boat in safety.  
Then a long and weary distance,  
Over rough and stony places,  
Onward, through the dreadful stillness,  
She must keep her journey westward.  
Though her feet were torn and bleeding,  
And her brain seemed madly burning,  
Yet the thought that she must save him,  
Urged her onward, ever onward,  
Till she came among that people,  
Till she knew that she had saved them.  
Then the gentlest of the women  
Bathed her feet so torn and bleeding;  
Cooled them with the healing ointment,  
Bade her rest within the wigwam,  
While Autopsot called his people,  
That when with the morrow's dawning,  
Came the people from the eastward,  
They might be prepared to meet them.

.....  
When Wauwinet with his warriors  
Left his home beside the waters,  
Very sure he felt of victory—  
Sure that he would take as captive  
All the tribe of brave Autopsot  
That, when they had yielded to him,  
What they claimed as their possession  
In the land that lay between them,  
He would free them and in kindness

Leave them then, their just possessions.  
When he reached the mighty people;  
Saw them there, prepared to meet him,  
Knowing that his scheme so subtle  
Was o'erthrown by one still subtler,  
Then he turned and with his warriors,  
Slowly then retraced his footsteps—  
Slowly journeyed to the eastward—  
To his home beside the waters.

.....  
Now the day was slowly dying,  
And its beauty slowly deepened  
Till it reached its great perfection;  
And the earth and sky and water  
Shone with all its radiant splendor;  
As we've seen on some loved faces  
Rest the glory of the future.  
Slowly then, and still more slowly  
From the earth, and sky and water  
Passed away the radiant splendor:  
And the grey mists of the evening  
Slowly rose from land and water,  
Till they wrapped the hills and valleys  
Round about in their night coverings.  
In the hush and calm of twilight,  
With his eyes still looking westward—  
By the doorway of his wigwam  
Stood the Sachem—stood Wauwinet—  
Stood upon the evening stillness.  
Broke the sound of coming footsteps  
And he saw a form approaching—  
Saw the face of brave Autopsot.  
Then the young man slowly bending  
In his eye great longing, pleading,  
Spoke and said unto Wauwinet:  
"Oh! my father! Oh! most noble!  
Dark have been the days about us  
And still darker have the nights been;  
In our hearts the darkest hatred;  
Hear me speak, O mighty father!  
For the love I bear Wonoma,  
For the love she bears her father.  
She it was who gave me warning;  
Told me of your plan to conquer.  
O, my father! O, most noble!  
For the love we bear Wonoma,  
For the sake of both our people,  
May there not be peace among us?"

.....  
While Autopsot had been speaking  
O'er the face of old Wauwinet  
Spread the shadow of great anger,  
And in silence long he stood there;  
And the breeze came from the pine trees,  
And the sound of breaking waters  
Rose and fell in rhythmic cadence,  
Breathing peace from the Great Spirit.  
From the face of old Wauwinet  
Passed away this cloud of anger,  
In his heart he felt the influence  
Of the peace which reigned about them,  
And he spoke unto Autopsot  
In the tones of friendly feeling,  
Saying: "O, my son Autopsot,  
Great has been the lesson taught me,  
That I, myself, am not almighty—  
That there is a power beyond me  
Unto which I have to yield me.  
Great the love I bear Wonoma,  
And if she so truly loves you,  
There should only be between us  
Words and thoughts that are most friendly."  
Then these two great Indian Sachems  
Who had been such bitter foemen,  
Clasped each other's hands in friendship;  
And that night before they parted,  
They had made a just division  
Of the land so long disputed;  
And they pledged that ever after  
Only peace should reign between them;  
And that this should be more certain,  
And the home they so much cherished  
Should be ever prosperous, peaceful,  
Old Wauwinet gave his daughter,  
Gave the dearest of his treasures,  
To the young and brave Autopsot.

.....  
Many moons have come and vanished,  
Since the last of these great people  
Went upon his homeward journey  
To the kingdom of Ponema,  
To the land of the Hereafter;  
But their earthly home so cherished  
Still is left us; and I pray you  
While to-day beside the waters,  
Near the home of old Wauwinet,  
We are resting from our labors,  
Leaving every care behind us,  
Let us think of that great Sachem,  
And renew the pledge he uttered—  
That his home he so much cherished  
Shall be ever prosperous, peaceful.



## Wheeler Maids to Be Featured In Sconticut Neck Minstrels

Whaler Maids, a versatile quartet specializing in barbershop harmony, will be a feature of the collegiate minstrels sponsored by the Sconticut Neck Improvement Association and scheduled for tomorrow and Tuesday night at Fairhaven Town Hall. Billy Curtis is director and Felix Fournier, musical director, for the production.

The quartet comprises Grace Rose, Otilia Sylvia, Ellen Martin and Germaine Sylvia. Also to be featured will be Mrs. Ruth West Coombs of Nantucket, known as Princess Red Feather among her people, and a descendant of the Massasoit of the Wampanoag tribe.

Richard Booker, chosen to represent the New Bedford Radio Center in the Prince Charming contest, also will be featured with Marian Gauvin, Alice Nelson and Charles H. Dexter of Marion, who will present an exhibition square dance.

Others in the cast are Ruth White, Helen Wares, Mary Hennessey, Joyce Sylvia, Albert Catelli, Arthur Charest, Joseph Govoni, Paul Cavaleri, Carol Bastarache, William Portas, Ernest Ashworth, John Buckley, Ernest Barbosa, Florence Washburn, Harry Bridges and Buddy Lees and the Rhythmettes.

Stanley Washburn, general chairman, is being assisted by a



MRS. RUTH WEST COOMBS

committee comprising the Mmes. Laura Burke, Manuel Silva, Christopher Keogh, Theresa Gold, Olive Murray, Paula Crompton, Madalyn Fay, Fern Langevin and Irene Miller, refreshments; Mmes. Yvonne Phaneuf, Marion Belcher, Mildred Wyss, Elizabeth Macomber and Irene Hathaway, wardrobe, and Louis Gold, Mr. Catelli, Frank S. Brown, Ruth White, John Sousa, Irene Hathaway and Arthur Martin, tickets.

Feb. 23, 1952

## Indians Open Music Festival



—Standard-Times Staff Photo

Princess Red Feather of Nantucket and New Bedford and Tisquantum Wildhorse of Mashpee, representing the American Indian, led off the International Music Festival program Thursday night, as befitting scions of the first Americans.

July 10, 1952

### An Indian Marriage.

Never before in the annals of Nantucket journalism has it fallen to the lot of a local paper to record an Indian marriage. Long before the advent of types and printing presses the straggling remnants of the copper-colored race which once held undisputed dominion over the island had been gathered to the happy hunting grounds, and naught remained to recall the memory of the aborigines save the unique designations of various localities in honor of departed sachems.

Occasionally peripatetic remnants from distant tribes on the main have made transitory pilgrimages to our shores to barter small wares of their manufacture for the "wampum" of the islanders, and of recent years, with Nantucket's growth as a summer resort these periodicals have become more frequent. Some time last week a company of "Kickapoo" Indians pitched their wigwams on the vacant lot at the corner of Lower Pearl and South Water streets, and here nightly they hold forth to delighted hundreds with song and dance and drama, interspersed with talks by the Big Medicine Man, who extols the virtues of and offers for sale sundry panaceas for coughs and corns and all the ills that flesh is heir to from headache to an in-growing toe nail.

Now human nature is much the same in a genuine Kickapoo Indian as in a civilized pale face, and so it chanced that ere Lacious Black Eagle had traveled with the tribe many moons he became enamored of Mary Ann Canoe, the daughter of the chieftain, and straightway wooed and won the dusky maiden's heart. But a "heap talk" was required ere the father would relinquish his daughter to the protection of the young brave who yearned to assume toward her a closer tie than that of consanguinity. At length however he yielded to the importunities of the lovers and on Monday gave his consent to their union.

Though dwelling in the midst of an alien people the Kickapoo Indian had imbibed enough of the spirit of civilization to realize that when among Romans it is proper to "do as Romans do," so Mr. Black Eagle and Miss Canoe hied them straightway to the town clerk and took out a license in due form, and thus armed and equipped sent for Officer Mooers (who holds a commission as Justice of the Peace) to tie the knot "which no man might put asunder." Now this was new business for George, but he hastily familiarized himself with the marriage formula and betook him to the Indian camp. Here, however an embarrassing difficulty confronted him. Not a word of English did the twain comprehend, while to him their conversation was as the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel. The service of an interpreter was secured, however, and by his aid the ceremony was completed which made them man and wife.

Though legally married in conformity with the laws of the land the happy couple will clinch the matter by having the regular Indian ceremony performed at the tent this (Wednesday) evening, and thus doubly fortified will begin the journey of life together.

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Aug. 28, 1890



# A Brawny Indian from Nantucket.

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

It was certainly a different story concerning the origin of the hero of the Boston Massacre, which you published last week, from what most people have been accustomed to state and believe, and has enlisted some historic research in verification of the same. In the school histories Crispus Attucks is called a negro; and the modern orator, desiring to compliment the sons of Africa's race, has invariably alluded to him as a negro or mulatto. An examination of the meagre authorities at hand, in the light of your quotation from Benson J. Lossing's history, leads strongly to the conclusion that Crispus Attucks was a half-breed Indian, and not a negro, and that he originated in Nantucket.

Attucks is an Indian surname, although Crispus would indicate a curly head. The American Encyclopedia says he was a "mulatto or half-Indian." Bancroft calls him "Attucks the mulatto." Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary states that he was a "half-breed Indian or mulatto." Richard Frothingham describes him, in the November Atlantic Monthly, for 1863, as an "intrepid mulatto." The American Historical Record, for December, 1872, represents him as a "half-breed Indian," and the Memorial History, of Boston, inclines to the belief that he was a "half-breed Indian."

John Adams, who defended the soldiers in their trial for the murder of Crispus Attucks, Samuel Gray, James Caldwell, Samuel Maverick, and Patrick Carr, on the night of the 5th of March, 1770, in his address to the jury, repeatedly calls Attucks a "mulatto," and, referring to the sailors under his command, calls him a "stout mulatto fellow, whose very looks was enough to terrify any person."

In Josiah Quincy's opening address to the jury, in behalf of the soldiers, no description of Attucks is given in the excerpts from his speech at hand. And the speech of Robert Treat Paine, counsel for the Crown, was not reported at the time.

From the time of the Boston Massacre up to 1783, each anniversary of the massacre of Attucks was celebrated, and orations were made by such eloquent gentlemen as John Hancock, Joseph Warren, Thomas Church and John Lovell, and others; and these orations having been made while the event which was being commemorated was fresh in their minds, as well as in the minds of Counsel John Adams and Josiah Quincy at the trial of the soldiers, it seems a little remarkable that so much confusion should have arisen as to what race the hero of that sanguinary night belonged. That Attucks and Caldwell were strangers in Boston, is evident from the fact that they were buried from Faneuil Hall, and the procession, with the bodies of Gray and Maverick, was joined on King Street, from whence it proceeded to the Granary Burial Ground, where all were together interred in one vault. The day of the funeral was the occasion for all the shops of Boston to be closed, and the bells were tolled in all the towns for miles around. Ten thousand people were estimated to have been present in the streets of Boston, a like concourse never having been seen before.

It is no less remarkable that the residence of Attucks should not have been definitely known, and concurrently stated. Yet, with the single instance in John Adams's address, where he refers to "a Carr from Ireland, and an Attucks from Framingham," no mention is made by the early orators as to the domicile of Attucks. Just what testimony the historian Lossing has coned over that induced

him to say that Crispus Attucks was a "brawny Indian from Nantucket," does not appear, but it is to be presumed that he has not made such a statement without evidence satisfactory to himself. That the testimony taken at the trial was conflicting in many particulars may also be presumed, yet there is a general concurrence in stating that Attucks was at the head of a lot of sailors, whom Mr. Adams stigmatized as "outlandish jack-tars."

Nantucket sailors were often in Boston, as was unquestionably the fact three years after the Boston Massacre, when the tea was thrown overboard from a Nantucket ship. That Attucks was a sailor may be inferred from his associates on that eventful evening. That he was not a negro is apparent from almost every source; and, that he could not have been of very dark skin, must also be assumed from the fact that he was buried in the same vault with the others who were white. That he was then acknowledged to have been the leader of the sailors, (who were more likely to have come from Nantucket than from Framingham) is always conceded, and seems to show that Mr. Lossing, without any design to change the current of historical assumption, has made a very strong case in favor of Attucks as a brawny Indian from Nantucket.

Some of the shorter histories state that the soldiers were acquitted of the murder of Attucks and others, which is not strictly true. Capt. Preston and six of the soldiers were acquitted, and two soldiers were convicted of manslaughter and branded in open Court.

While John Adams, in his argument to the jury, speaks of "Attucks and his myrmidons," and of a "lawless mob," he afterward, as President Adams, wrote of the massacre these words: "On that night the foundation of our independence was laid." And at a later date, Daniel Webster said of the event: "From that moment we may date the severance of the British empire." Who shall tell us the true history of Crispus Attucks, now that his name, with others is to be forever monumentally enshrined in the classic shades of Boston Common.

A. C.

## Was Born on Nantucket Eighty-one Years Ago.

The most unusual has happened to Benajah A. Boston, who claims to be a full-blooded Indian, born on the island of Nantucket nearly 81 years ago—Nov. 30, 1835—and for the time being a resident of Providence.

After a thrilling sea experience extending over about 61 years, during which he chased whales, fought under the Stars and Stripes in the United States navy, and while before the mast in the merchant service was wrecked, twice "shanghied" and once was chased by the commerce raider Alabama, he has at last succumbed to an attack of the poetic muse and has gotten into print with an original and only poem of 10 stanzas.

Mr. Boston lived on the island until he was 17 years of age, in his boyhood attending the little island school of which Park Commissioner J. E. C. Farnham wrote so interestingly in his brochure concerning Nantucket people and their doings—when he answered the lure of the sea and shipped before the mast on the whaler Japan, Captain Charles Grant, which sailed out of New Bedford for the Pacific ocean. This was in 1852, and it was an eventful voyage.

## For the Inquirer and Mirror. CRISPUS ATTUCKS.

BY REV. PHERE A. HANAFORD.

[Suggested by a paragraph in the INQUIRER AND MIRROR which stated the historian Lossing's assertion that Crispus Attucks was an Indian from Nantucket, and that he led some patriots who were sailors, like himself, to the attack upon the British oppressors, in Dock Square, Boston, in which city now a monument has been erected to the Revolutionary hero.]

Can it be that Crispus Attucks  
Trod Nantucket's island shore,  
In his days of happy boyhood,  
When the Indians dwelt in wigwams  
On our hills in days of yore!

Did Nantucket's Indian sailor  
Speak the word of loud command,  
Lead the brave against the British,  
Striking terror to those tyrants  
Who oppressed our native land!

Did the hero of that conflict—  
First to fall in Freedom's fray—  
Claim our island as his birthplace,  
And our ancestors as townsmen,  
Though he was not fair as they!

Then the honor that is paid him  
In the cultured city now,  
Falleth, by a right reflection,  
On the tawny leader's birthplace,  
On Nantucket's lifted brow.

Backward as Time's pages, turning,  
Show the Norseman's visit here,  
Now the page of History shineth  
With the fame of this new claimant,  
Born upon our island dear.

Norseman brave and Indian hero!  
Both have trod our island shore,  
Linking it to far-off nations,  
And to early strifes for freedom,  
In the years that come no more.

Crispus Attucks! as descendant  
Of those who must supersede  
By "survival of the fittest"—  
In the love of Independence  
I, of praise, will give thee meed.

Praise to that Nantucket Indian  
Who his life for freedom gave,  
Whose persistence as a hero  
Led to victory over Britain,  
Though it led him to the grave.

Honor then to Crispus Attucks,  
Let the island clans declare!  
Honor to the hero sailor,  
Who, for Independence seeking,  
Summoned men to Freedom's war!

While a righteous peace we welcome,  
And desire all strife to end,  
On our proud, historic island,  
And, at last, among all nations,—  
We must honor Freedom's friend.

We must count the deed heroic,  
Which assailed tyrannic might,—  
Thus the loud reveille sounding,  
Calling heroes to the conflict,  
Giving Victory to the Right.  
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

## Finding Indian Artifacts Described to Rotary

A most interesting description of the activities of the Shawkemo Chapter of the Massachusetts Archeological Society was given at the regular meeting of the Rotary Club of Nantucket, Wednesday, by Stanley Roy, former president of the organization.

Mr. Roy declared that he is interested mainly in the Indians who inhabited Nantucket in the Pre-Colonial era, not the Nauset tribe which was here when the first settlers arrived. Some of the pottery which has been found has been dated back to 1500 B.C., and was the work of a tribe now unknown. As the nearest quarries of the sandstone of which this type of pottery was made are located in Rhode Island and western Massachusetts, Mr. Roy theorized that Nantucket was probably connected to the mainland at some time in the far-distant past.

The local chapter of the Massachusetts Archeological Society maintains a "dig" at Shawkemo, near Polpis, where every member has a piece of ground and all finds are carefully indicated in records. Mr. Roy stated that it has been found that this topsoil is deposited at a rate of about three inches every 100 years. Their present digging site is an Indian shell heap, beneath which is found "sterile sand," and Mr. Roy reported that arrowheads have been found this far down in the ground. At the time these particular arrowheads were lost the island was probably nothing but barren tundra, he said.

The age of many Indian artifacts have been accurately determined by means of the modern radioactive Carbon-14 tests, although none of the local findings have been so tested. However, finding on Martha's Vineyard and Cape Cod which have been found to be similar to those found on Nantucket have been tested, and found to be from the 1500 B.C. era.

Mr. Roy described the variety of items found, which includes arrowheads, spear points, tomahawks, knives, scrapers, gouges, drills, scrapers, pendants, pipes, hoes, sharpeners, and many others. Some bone tools are also found, including fish-hooks and scrapers. He said that tools for shaping arrowheads have been discovered, and these are generally made from deer antlers.

The speaker said that the local organization is in need of more members, particularly persons with a knowledge of geology, who would be of great assistance in dating the material found. He said that he has been told that Nantucket has perhaps the greatest variety of types of stone on its beaches for any area of its size and, in closing, stated that Indian artifacts can be found anywhere on the island.

Dec. 1, 1888

Dec. 8, 1888

March 11, 1960

Mar. 4, 1914 (Inc)

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## Nantucket Archaeologists Dig On Island For Artifacts, Seek Indian Relics

Have you ever walked along a beach, lazily picked up an occasional shell or stone and tossed it into the water?

Next time, if it's a stone in your hand, take a good look at it. Could it be an Indian arrowhead? Or could it be a whalebone or a deer antler used to chip the points of an arrowhead to a fine edge? Or could it be some other Indian artifact, maybe even a rare piece of a chief's pipe?

If you're not quite sure whether it's some relic of the past or not, take it to a member of the Nantucket branch of the Massachusetts Archeological Society, the Shawkemo Chapter. President Stanley Roy will probably direct any curious and interested questioner to the Nantucket authority on artifacts, Nelson "Onie" Dunham.

In his woodworking shop on Prospect Street, surrounded by lathes and drills and pieces of furniture in various stages of assembly, smelling of seasoned wood and varnishes, "Onie" will unwrap treasures found on various beaches on the island over the last 20 years.

In his shop also are the artifacts discovered on a "dig" on which members of the Shawkemo Chapter have worked early and late on Summer days. Beyond Quaise, at "Top Gale", members have staked out plots four feet square on land owned by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Deeley. Using trowels and whisk brooms, diggers search for any possible relic of the Indian settlement believed to have been located here.

Arrowheads, tomahawks, chipped axes, gorgets, scrapers, knives, sinkers, drills and points, and a few pottery shards have been found on this "dig". All items belong to the Chapter, and are catalogued immediately for location and depth.

The Chapter was formed here less than a year ago, in order to provide an opportunity for the many people interested in relics to dig systematically. Also, members hope that more artifacts will be kept on the island, rather than have them taken to other repositories of Indian relics. So far, there is no public display for these remnants of Indian culture, but members hope that time and a

more complete supply of relics will encourage an Indian museum.

Until then, prizes of discovery rest in many-drawered cabinets in "Onie's" shop. Wrapped in tissue paper lie a shark's tooth used as an awl, a deer bone bodkin, a bear tooth from a necklace, and a pipe stem from a ceremonial pipe. The bear tooth was found at Squam, in glacial sand, seven feet below the surface of the ground.

"No telling how old the tooth is, but I'm sure it was glacial sand," "Onie" commented. "I went back a week later to get a sample and see what else I could find, but a bulldozer beat me to it, and now we'll never know for sure," "Onie" said.

"The Indians on Nantucket are supposed to have been a sub-tribe of the Massachusetts tribe, a division of the Wampanoags," he said.

"Read as much as you want, you don't find very much about Indians in old books," he continued. "We keep a record of the depth of artifacts, and hope that will help tell the age. We know that stone artifacts were used before the Colonial period, but the metal ones used about that time have all disappeared. We haven't run into any burial grounds, yet, and I don't suppose we will, since they were usually near the shore, and have likely all been washed away by now."

Wintery weather has brought a halt to the digging operation, but members of the Shawkemo Chapter meet monthly in members' homes. Informal meetings occur whenever a member drops into "Onie's" shop to compare notes and reminisce.

## Nantucket Artifacts Displayed In Talk by Stanley Roy.

A group of 40 members and guests of the Woman's Auxiliary of St. Paul's Church gathered at the Parish House the afternoon of April 3, to hear a talk on Nantucket artifacts by Mr. Stanley Roy.

The writer wonders whether or not she was perhaps the only person present to whom the word "artifact" was unfamiliar — meaning, vaguely, "Indian arrowhead." The dictionary defines it as "a product of human workmanship, especially of simple primitive workmanship."

And that, of course, is exactly what these specimens were, which Mr. Roy had brought with him. The most elaborate and impressive display — loaned by Mr. Nelson Dunham — was a fairly large, framed board with at least 250 artistically mounted specimens, which represent years and years of searching.

Displayed were hardstone points of felsite, jasper, quartzite: knives, spear points (which were used several hundred years before arrowheads), scrapers, celts (which are primitive chisels used in place of metal ones, of which, of course, they had none), adzes, ground and unground axes, gorgets (ornaments with a hole or holes drilled, to wear around the neck or on the wrist, made sometimes of bear teeth or bone). There was flint, brought over in vessels from England and other places and traded with the Indians, and pipes and bowls cut from solid soapstone, which must also have been brought from away, as the nearest soapstone quarries are in Rhode Island and Massachusetts mainland, and glass beads — usually blue, though also greenish, purplish, or reddish — brought from Holland. Also there were net sinkers, some grooved three ways, which is unusual.

Nantucket has the greatest variety of rocks of any area this small, and it has been proven by archeologists that some of the artifacts found on Nantucket go back as far as the first glacial period. They can learn by tests the age of the artifacts, plus or minus 200 or 300 years.

Though the searchers for artifacts on Nantucket have been busy for many years, the supply is not yet exhausted. After storms, particularly on the beaches, on the moors, and even in town, specimens become unearthed. One example of this was when the High School was being built and an ancient bowl was turned up by a tractor, unfortunately broken, but enough pieces were found by Mr. Garnett to determine its size and shape.

Mr. Roy has an article, with photographs, in the April issue of the Bulletin of the Massachusetts Archeological Society telling of this incident.

A group was formed last year to continue and expand interest in island artifacts and, they hope to have, before long, a display place for their finds. This group is affiliated with the Massachusetts Archeological Society whose headquarters are in the museum in Attleboro, Mass., and all interested persons are always most welcome there.

## Arrowhead Collection Marked

An engraved steel plate has been placed on the Indian Stone Collection cabinet, it was reported to members of Wauwinet Tribe, Improved Order of Red Men, at a recent meeting, by Harold Arnold, a member of the committee in charge of the collection.

The engraving on the plate states that the entire collection of hundreds of Indian arrowheads, spearheads, grinding stones with their stone mortars and other specimens were the life-time collection of the late Everett B. Brown and were donated to the Tribe in 1954 by his daughter, Mrs. Edouard Stackpole.

The plate and the engraving was the work of Earle S. Weatherbee and the tribe has sent him a card of thanks for his excellent work and generosity.

Mr. Arnold, who is chairman of the entertainment committee, has named Donald Araujo and William Grieder to assist him in working out plans for a cribbage tournament.

A resolutions committee has been appointed by Sachem Norman Day to prepare any resolutions the Tribe may wish to send to the Great Council of Massachusetts. This committee has Edgar F. Orpin as chairman, and Stuart B. Day as secretary. Other members are Daniel Harrington, James H. Walsh, and Leo S. Desrocher.

The collation committee for the month of January consists of Oscar Ceely, Jr., Leonard Godfrey, James Day, Edmund Ramos, and Frank Marks.

Jan. 2, 1959

Nov 25, 1957

Apr. 8, 1957

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## Influence of Nantucket Indians Is Still Apparent Today

Although the records are too meager for the detailed study of the life and origin of the Indians on Nantucket, one has but to visit the Fair Street Museum, where the beautifully displayed collections of Indian relics are shown, or read the names around a map of the island to know that their early history had a significant impact on the white settlers here.

The very name, Nantucket, is an Indian word meaning "the far-away isle." It is variously spelled on old maps as Nautican, Nantock or even Natocket, which is said to be the original Indian name, according to H. B. Worth.

There may have been over a thousand Indians on the island at one time but when the first settlers came, 300 years ago, there were approximately 700 of them. Even today arrowheads are found in fields turned by modern implements. The N. O. Dunhams have fine specimens of many of these primitive artifacts, including spearheads.

It is thought that the population of the redmen came to Nantucket originally over two routes. These two tribes on the island, whose names have not been preserved to posterity, were on the east and west ends of the island respectively. It is thought that the westerly ones came from the island of Martha's (or is it Martin's?) Vineyard via Chappaquiddick, the Gravelly Islands, Muskeget, and Tuckernuck. Those out toward Wauwinet are supposed to have come across from Monomoy on the Cape to Great Point and thus arrived at the easterly encampment. It is believed they were of the Natick Tribes. All were of the Algonquin Nation.

There is a tender legend concerning these two tribes which has been set to verse by a Miss Charlotte Baxter. No doubt it has some basis of fact. It is said to have taken place about 1630, 30 years before the permanent settlement by the white men. At any rate, it was within the memory of the Indians who helped make those first winters bearable with their friendliness, so the tale was doubtless still being told by those who had experienced it.

This is the story of the "Legend of Wauwinet." On the east side of the island, out where the Wauwinet House still preserves the name, there lived a beloved old Sachem by the name of Wauwinet. He had a gentle daughter by the name of Wonoma, who was gifted in the art of healing and mysticism.

Out along the Popsquachet hills lived a Sachem known as Autopscoot who was a brave young leader of his

own tribe. The Indians seemed to have been susceptible to fever, which eventually caused their decimation and disappearance from the scene. It came about that the men of Autopscoot's tribe were stricken by this scourge. Having heard of the powerful healing in the hands of the lovely Wonoma, Autopscoot sent the messenger Wosoka for her. She comforted and saved the people, and in return earned the undying gratitude of the tribe and the loving heart of their Sachem Autopscoot. Wonoma promised to return and be his bride.

Meanwhile, the ugly head of war arose from a land dispute and, calling a council of war, Wauwinet decided to fall upon the western people and take them prisoner. Wonoma, hearing of this plan, stole out in dead of night and paddled her canoe down the inner harbor, glad of the rising moon to find her way. She landed in brambles which tore her feet as she sped to her lover and told him of her father's plan.

When morning came Autopscoot ranged his braves to meet the oncoming people of Wauwinet so that the latter, knowing he had been betrayed, retreated to his own lands. That evening, as the sun went down Wauwinet saw the brave Autopscoot come to his wigwam. The young man told of his great love for Wonoma and begged that the tribes unite and live in peace. They put their hands to the bargain. Autopscoot was given Wonoma's hand in marriage and, the "just division" having been made, the tribes lived in peace thereafter.

It is well worthwhile to look up

this tender poem, written in the rhythm of Hiawatha by Miss Baxter to be recited at a gathering out at Wauwinet in the days when one sailed up harbor for the day with a gay party of friends.

It was very important to the settlers of the island that these redmen were of a peaceable disposition for they helped them in many ways. Not the least of these was in teaching their art of whale fishery to the white men. They had been going out in their canoes to follow the whales along shore long before the arrival of the new settlers of the island, much in the manner told in this excerpt from Weymouth's Voyage: "One especial thing in their manner of killing a whale which they (the Indians) called POWDAWE, and will describe his form, how he bloweth up the water and that he is 12 fathoms long, and that they go in company with their king (Sachem), with a multitude of their boats, and strike him with a bone made in the fashion of a harping iron, fastened to a rope, which they make great and strong of the bark of trees, which they veer out after him; that all their boats come about him, as he riseth above the water, with their arrows they shoot him to death. When they have killed him and dragged him to the shore, they call all their chief lords together, and sing a song of joy, and these chief lords, whom they call sagamores, divide the spoil and give to every man a share which pieces so distributed they hang up about their homes for provision, and when they boil them they blow off the fat, and put in their



Dorcas Honorable, last full blooded Nantucket Indian.

pease, maize, and other pulse which they eat."

The Indians and white men united in the effort of digging the Madaket Ditch which leads to Long Pond. It to take advantage of the spring spawning season of the herring. It is still in use today. The hay of the meadow surrounding the ditch has been in constant use from the first settlement until recent years. As you ride out toward Madaket and cross the crabbing bridge it is interesting was for the purpose of making a weir to think of its beginning so long ago. The winding channel amidst the bull-rushes makes a pretty sight especially at sunset.

Just beyond, there is a road leading to the left which goes over a bridge called Massasoit bridge. He was one of the brave chiefs of the Wampanoags who helped the Plymouth people when they arrived in America and was present at the first Thanksgiving. He promised never to allow his people to harm the colonists as long as he lived. Had he not been of a peaceful turn of mind the history of Nantucket, and of all New England for that matter might have been a very different one. His son, Metacomet, was called King Philip, and he roused the Indians to war in 1675 and 1676.

It is said that one of the redmen spoke the name of Massasoit after his death. This was not tolerated. The Indian fled the wrath of Philip and came to Nantucket. He was followed in hot pursuit but made his escape. Out near the fifth milestone on the 'Seonset road is a brooklet called Philip's Run, which is thought to have been named for King Philip. The English settlers on the mainland had a terrifying time before this war was finished. It was fortunate for the Nantucket white people that relations with the Indians here were on a peaceful footing because they might have been helpless to resist an uprising in those early days. It was due largely to the understanding ways of Mayhew and, later, Peter Folger, the grandfather of Benjamin Frank-



lin, that Nantucketers were free of the horror and bloodshed which some of the mainland people experienced.

Along the south shore is Weeweder Pond, which means "a pair of horns." This name could have applied to Hummock Pond, too, as it takes that shape, also. The spit of land now called Ram Pasture was known as Nanahuma's Neck at the time that the Indians were here. All along the shores are Indian names: Madaket, Mioxes, Madequecham, Nobadeer, Siasconset, Sankaty, Sacacha, Quidnet, Squam, Wauwinet, Coskata, Coatue, Pocomo, Polpis, Quaise, Shawkemo, Shimmo, Monomoy, and even Nantucket itself. Tuckernuck is said to mean "a loaf of bread."

It is not known just where all the Indians were buried. Some say it was along the shores so that the remains may long ago have fallen into the sea through storm erosion. But, the fact remains their imprint is indelible in the annals of Nantucket.

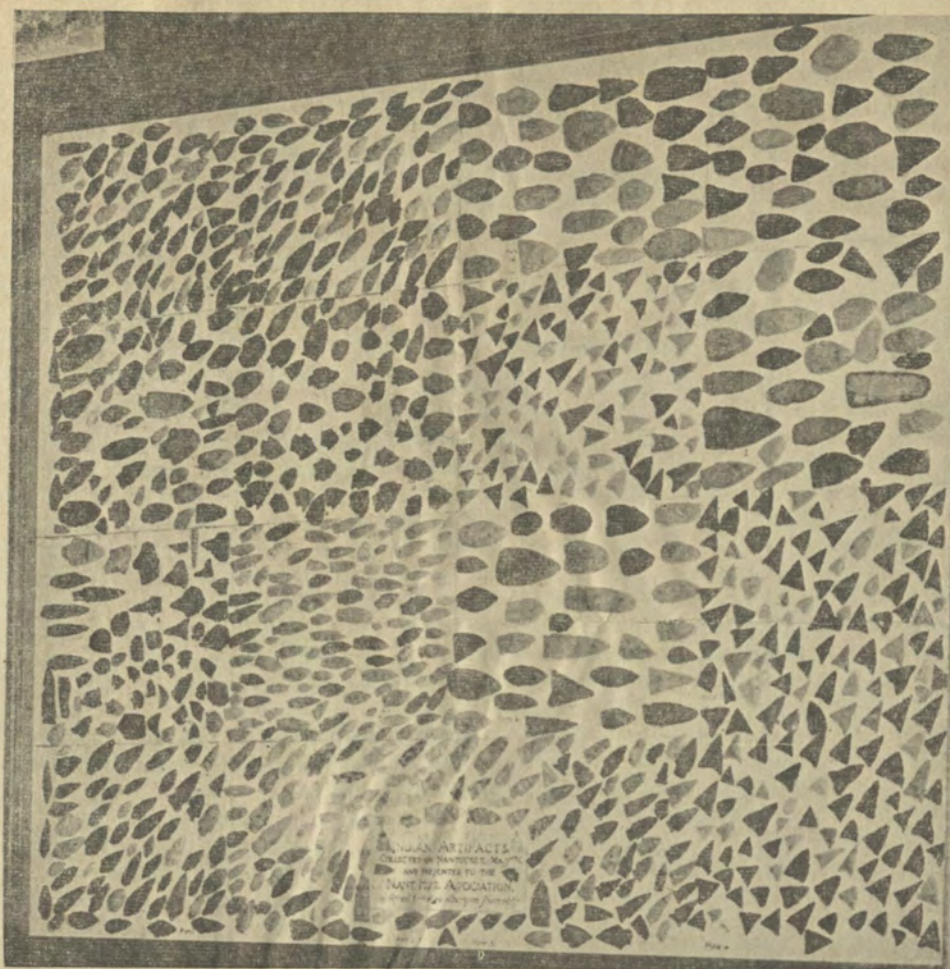
There are many stories which are fascinating to ferret out of the historical booklets. It is worthwhile going to the library to look into this aspect of history these days when the pressure of summer activities does not keep you from having extra time to spend on it. Before you know it the Sachem Springs, Gibbs Pond, Altar Rock, and many more names will take on a new significance and the group of archeological enthusiasts will be swelled.

The older Ewer Maps are especially interesting and one must be sure to look at the fine painting of Abram Quarry which hangs in the library once more. He seems so sweetly resigned.

Perhaps King Philip was right to wage his war. He was afraid that the men would overrun his beloved countryside, taking the hunting grounds from his people and causing their destruction. Abram Quarry was the last of the Nantucket Indians, a half breed. Their numbers were decimated in 1763 when a fever which did not affect the white people carried off many Indians. From then on the Aborigines, as they were often called, began a steady decline from which they never recovered. No doubt their hearts were broken to see their lands usurped and they did not fully understand the changes of the day.

Some of the outstanding names of the Indians preserved through the recorded deeds and court procedures were Nickanoose, Autopscot, Korduda, Tachama, Wonoma, Dorcas Honorable (the last full-blooded Indian who died in 1822), Potconet, Wapakowet, Wacknamack, and Wauwinet. It is sad that the Indians did not always understand the documents to which they set their mark. Instead of selling the land they thought they were giving the right to hunt and fish — but they found out in a rude awakening which eventually broke their spirit.

When an occasional arrowhead shows up in the spring plowing we might think of those redmen whose memory is honored by the Redmen's organization of the island today.



Collection of Nantucket Indian arrowheads presented to Nantucket Historical Association by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Shurrocks.

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## Abram Quarry and His Portrait.

By Miss Grace Brown Gardner.

MARCH 26. 1949.

For several months recently visitors to the Atheneum Library have missed the well-known portrait of Abram Quarry. It now hangs in its accustomed place on the south wall of the main room, near the door of the reading room. The canvas has been stretched and thoroughly cleaned, and the frame repaired. Details of the picture, which were obscured by the dust and grime of many years, now stand out clear and colorful. The restoration was done by Alfred Jakstas of Boston, after consultation with the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Little is known of the artist, except that her name was Mrs. Dassell and that she was of French extraction. At the time that the portrait was painted the present reading room was used as a studio by the late George G. Fish, and the finishing touches were done in that room and the portrait presented to the Atheneum by Mrs. Dassell.

Abram Quarry seems to have been something of an enigma during his lifetime, and the various stories which have been associated with his name since his death have passed into the realm of legendry. All agree that he was the last male representative of the race of Nantucket Indians, but beyond that there is a wide difference of opinion.

An article by the well-known Nantucket historian, Benjamin Franklin Folger, dated 'Sconset 1854, is perhaps the most authentic account. In it he states that the mother of Abram Quarry was Sarah Quarry, the daughter of Joseph, whose wigwam was on the west side of Sesachacha Pond. Joseph Quarry was a leader among his people, and his daughter was noted for her skill in the construction of baskets and other handiwork common to the Indians.

In early life Abram was placed in the home of Stephen Chase, where he continued for many years. He was always distant and reserved with strangers, but friendly with his acquaintances. On a visit to Mr. Folger in 'Sconset he amused himself by making for a present a basket of beach grass which was in good preservation at the time the article was written.

Picnic parties to his home on



NANTUCKET ATHENEUM'S PORTRAIT OF ABRAM QUARRY BY MRS. DASSELL.  
Last male Nantucket Indian, who died Nov. 25, 1854, in his 83rd year.



DORCAS HONORABLE

The last of the Nantucket Indians, who died on Jan. 12, 1855, aged 79.

Abram's Point were very popular. When he was at home and in the proper mood he would raise a flag near his dwelling to show that guests were welcome. It was very necessary, however, for all visitors to be deferential to his peculiarities, and idle questions were not in order.

Mr. Folger attempted a year or two before Abram's death to learn from his own lips concerning his early life and ancestry, but the subject seemed displeasing and "Abram's already decided taciturnity had run into obstinacy" and the attempt brought no results.

In an interview published in the Boston Sunday Globe in 1910, Mr. Folger speaks of Abram Quarry as a lone man, dignified but very poor, who gained his living by picking berries and gathering herbs and doing odd jobs. He spoke of Monomoy as the site of his cabin. He tells a story of some relic hunters who went to Monomoy and began digging at the graves of the Indians buried there. Abram got his gun and went after them. He was arrested and brought into court. His plea that they were disturbing the graves of his ancestors appealed to the court and he was discharged with a mild reprimand.

Quite different is the account given by R. A. Douglas-Lithgow, who wrote a pamphlet on Nantucket Indians, as well as devoting much space to them in his book "Nantucket: A History". In this book he speaks of Quarry as a half-breed who was the son of Judith Quarry, also a half-breed and a fortune teller, and the notorious Indian Quibby who was hanged for the murder of Harry Gardner.

This story also is found in the book "Miriam Coffin," by Col. Joseph C. Hart, published in 1834. Judith Quarry is pictured in somewhat livid colors, as the fortune teller who predicted dire futures for two of the characters in that famous novel.

Capt. Richard Swain in 1911 writes from Shanghai, China, giving his boyish recollections of Abram Quady—as he spells it. He says that Quady lived at Shimmo on land belonging to his grandfather, Hezikiah Swain. Each spring his grandfather plowed



land for a small garden where Quady raised a few vegetables. He also collected and dried herbs. Capt Swain describes the interior of Quady's house, his description agreeing closely with the Atheneum picture. He states that the year before his death friends persuaded Quady to go to the almshouse, where he could receive better care than in the little house at Shimmo. A few years later, the house was burned down.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dorcas Honorable, the last full-blooded Indian, also died at the almshouse the following year. She was the last of her race.

[Dorcas Honorable was born April 27, 1776. Her father was Isaac Earop and her mother Sarah Tashma.] ..

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In that same year—1911—a lady writes the editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror* in order to correct the date of Abram Quarry's death. She said she talked with him in 1857 in the house of Franklin Murphey wife's mother. And she is positive concerning the date. The editor very diplomatically prints her entire communication, but adds that *The Inquirer and Mirror* of the 27th of November, 1854, records the death of Quarry as occurring the previous Saturday morning at the age of eighty-two years.

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William Crosby Bennett, a frequent contributor to the columns of *The Inquirer and Mirror*, writes under the caption of "Legends and Stories of Nantucket" in the issue of August 16, 1947, that in his youth Quarry, like so many of his red brothers, followed the sea and was known as a faithful hand upon a whaler. "Later he became the prince of Nantucket caterers, and without his assistance no evening entertainment was deemed quite complete." He had a lonely old age, his wife and all his children dying before him.

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In the "Doings of the Nantucket Historico-Genealogical Society" for November 2, 1872, there is an article by the well-known Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford. It discusses the religious history of Nantucket Indians. She does not know whether Abraham (for she uses the full name) Quarry was ever connected with any church, but speaks of having at one time a short conversation with him on religious subjects in which he spoke of his child who died a sad casualty and "expressed sorrowful yet Christian submission to the Divine will."

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In these various accounts of the subject of the historic Atheneum portrait, one fact stands out clearly: all agree that the dignity and pathos which the artist has so clearly indicated were in truth the attributes of Abram Quarry, a man who was respected by all as the last male survivor of the Indians of Nantucket.

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